

# CONTACT

10¢

COMICS...

No. 12



L.B. Cole

# NOW!

PUBLISHED WHILE IT'S HOT

IN



Aviation News

While It

Still Is News

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ESTABLISHED 1934

*Aviation's National Newspaper*

12th Year of Service to Aviation

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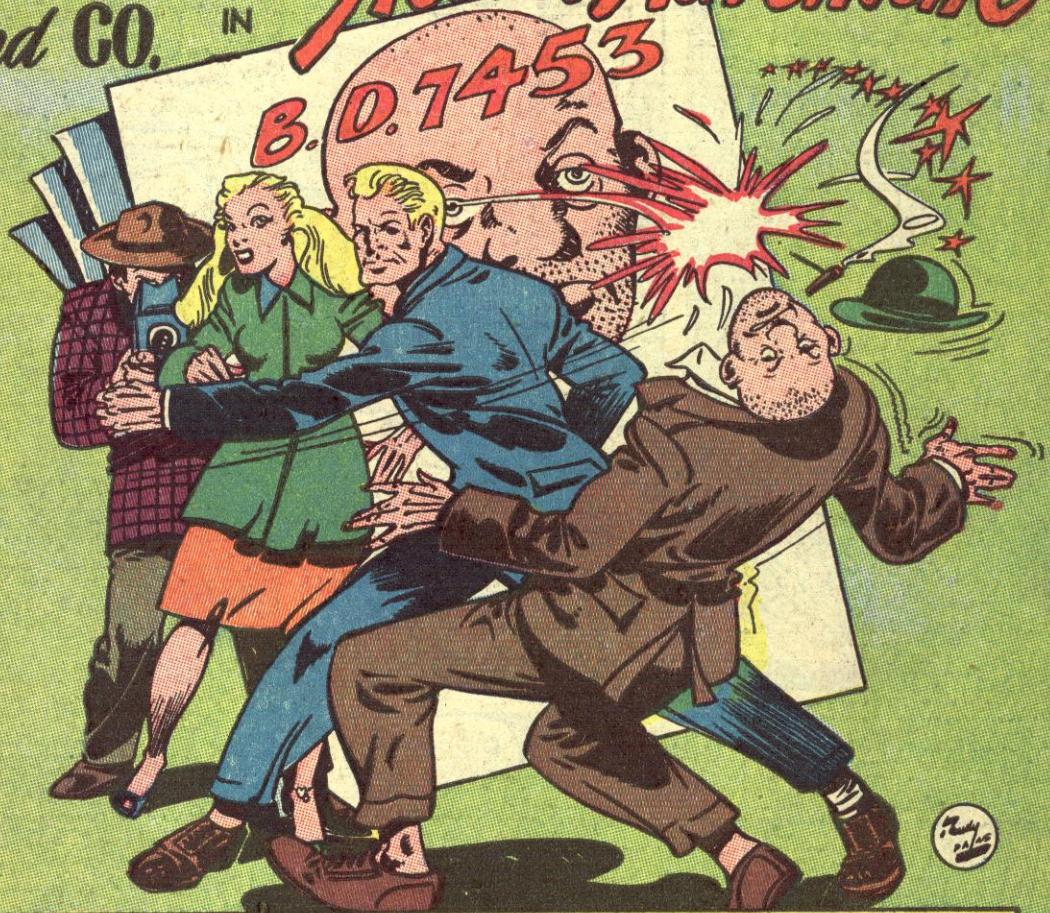
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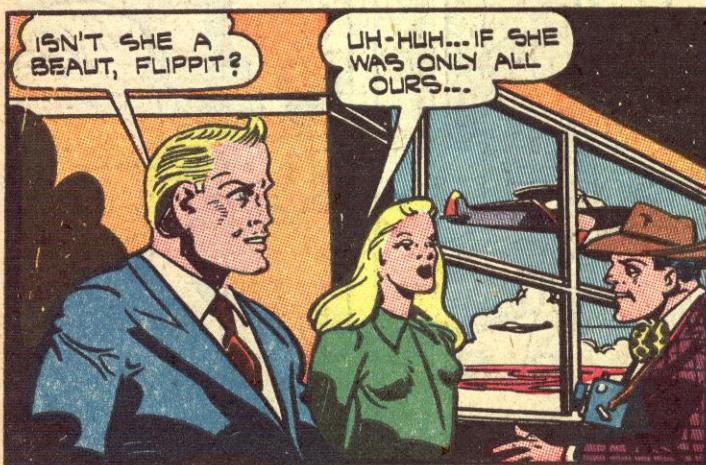
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# JOHNNY MACE and CO. IN *Aerial Adventure*



MOST PEOPLE TAKE ASPIRIN TO CURE A HEADACHE, BUT THIS WAS A CASE WHERE THE ASPIRIN GAVE A HEADACHE! FOLLOW JOHNNY MACE AND HIS PHOTOGRAPHER SIDE KICK, CLIX, AS THEY RIDDLE THEIR WAY THROUGH TO A SOLUTION OF A SLEIGH RIDE....



CAN YOU DO AN AERIAL RECONNAISSANCE FLIGHT FOR ME? I'D LIKE A PANORAMA OF SOME PROPERTY I OWN....

SANDERS IS THE NAME!

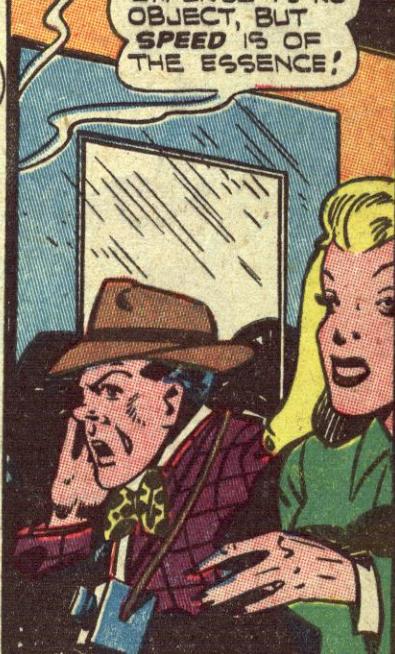
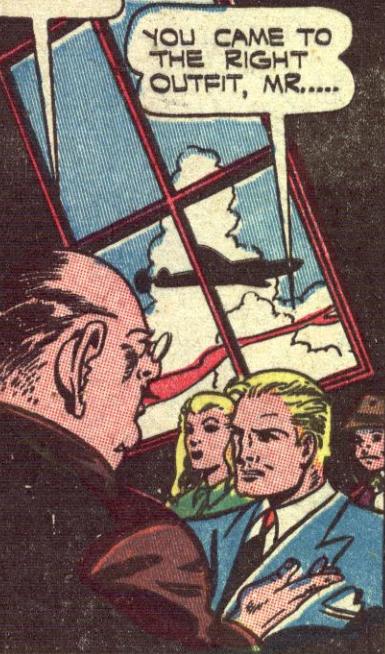
MY PAL CLIX IS THE BEST PHOTOGRAPHER THE AIR FORCE EVER THREW OUT OF A HYPO BATH....

YOU CAME TO THE RIGHT OUTFIT, MR.....

THIS WILL BE FAIRLY EXPENSIVE, MR. SANDERS! THIS IS QUITE AN AREA YOU WANT PHOTOGRAPHED!

EXPENSE IS NO OBJECT, BUT SPEED IS OF THE ESSENCE!

COME ON FLIPPIT, LET THE BOSS MAKE LIKE A BUSINESS MAN ---



I'M ASHAMED OF YOU LISTENING AT DOORS...

AW, FLIPPIT... HOW YOU GONNA FIND OUT THINGS IF YOU DON'T? HEY....

HEY! CLIX, WHAT GIVES?

DID YA' SEE HIM...? IT'S BARRUM, THE MOST UNPHOTOGRAPHED MAN IN THE WORLD...!

OH...OH... THE OLD CAMERA BUSTER UPPER IN PERSON! ...WONDER WHY HE HATES TO BE FILMED...?







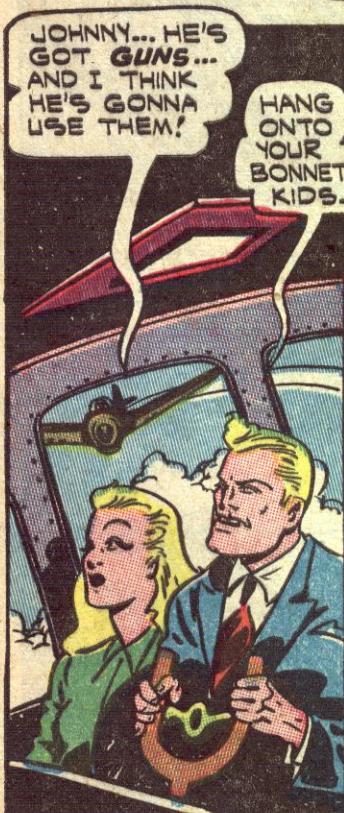
THEY TOOK OFF IN A PLANE FOR THAT SANDERS GUY YOU HAD ME WATCHING!

WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO? TAKE CARE OF SANDERS WHILE I DEAL WITH THIS MATTER?

WITH THE PRACTICED EASE OF LONG EXPERIENCE....

HOW THEY COMING, CLIX...? RIGHT ON THE BEEZER! A HALF HOUR MORE AND WE'LL BE FINISHED!

BUT, FLARING DOWN OUT OF THE SKY LIKE A HUGE HORNET....

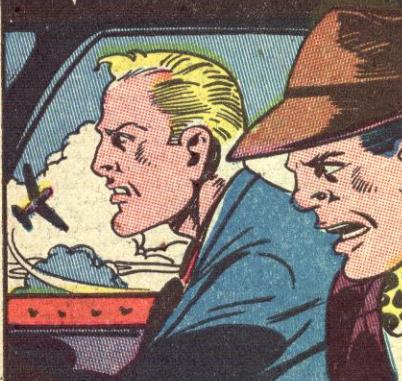


RISKING ALL, ON A SEEMINGLY  
SUICIDAL STRATEGEM....



GUESS WE  
PLAYED TOO  
ROUGH FOR  
HIM... WHO-  
EVER IT  
WAS...

WONDER  
WHAT'S  
BEHIND  
ALL  
THIS?



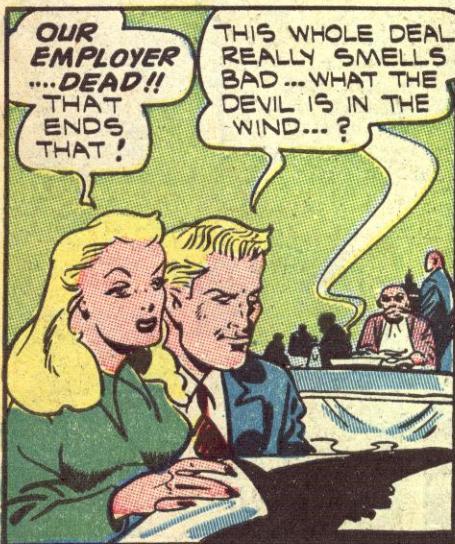
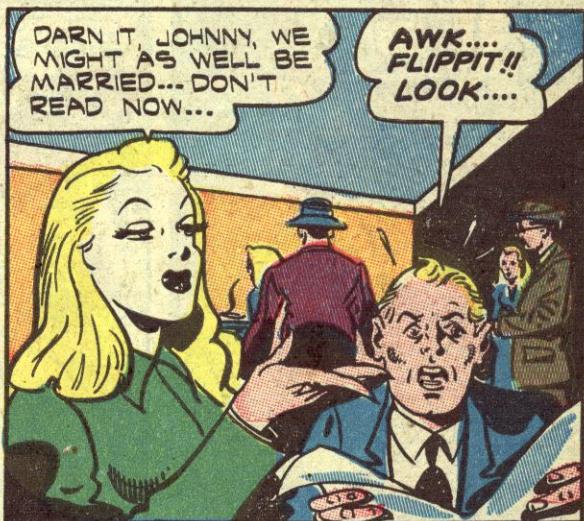
I DON'T KNOW WHAT  
THE SCORE IS, BUT  
IT SEEMS TO ME WE  
BETTER GET OUT OF  
THE AIR BEFORE THAT  
CHARACTER GETS UP  
ENOUGH COURAGE TO  
COME BACK FOR US!



CALL IT A DAY... ME IN THE  
DARKROOM ALL NIGHT  
AND THEY CALL IT A  
DAY....

WE'LL HELP, CLIX,  
DON'T MAKE  
LIKE A TRAGEDY  
QUEEN!





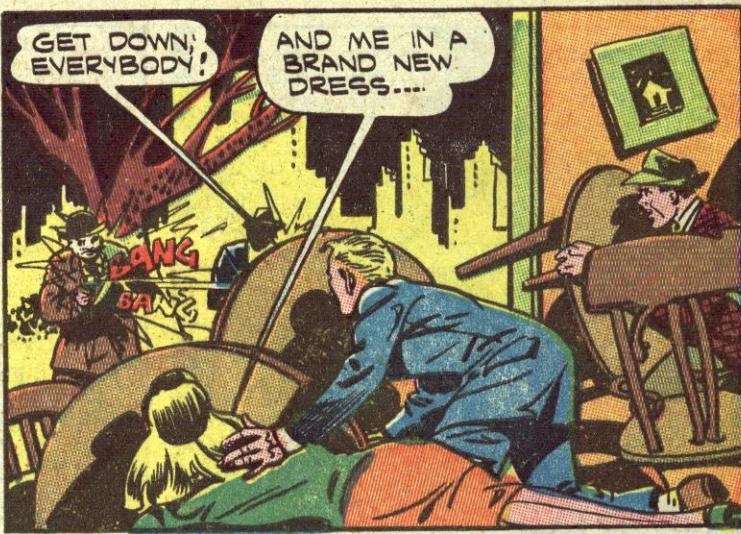
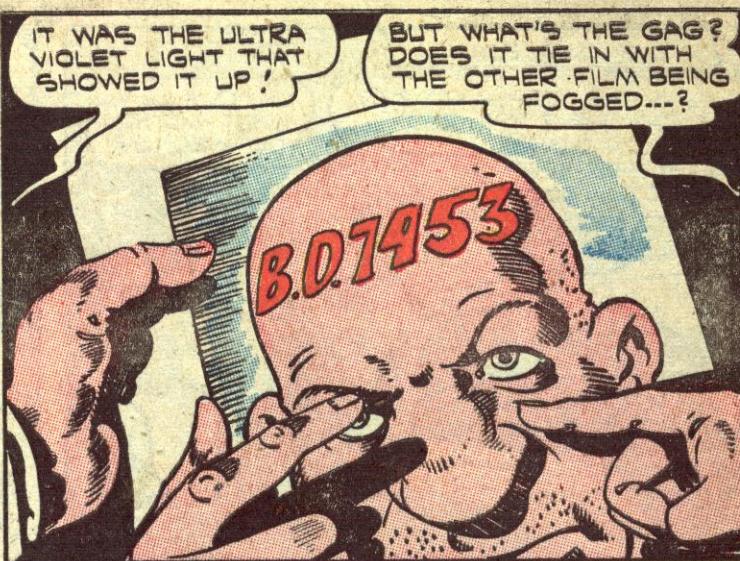
**OUTSIDE THE RESTAURANT,  
EVIL EYES GLEAM....**

THAT SETTLES IT...WE MUST GET RID OF THEM!

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

IT WAS THE ULTRA VIOLET LIGHT THAT SHOWED IT UP!

BUT WHAT'S THE GAG?  
DOES IT TIE IN WITH  
THE OTHER FILM BEING  
FOGGED---?



I THINK THAT'S BARRUM OUT THERE!

THOSE LETTERS ON HIS FOREHEAD... THEY'RE MADE BY DISSOLVING ASPIRIN IN WATER.... IT'S ULTRA VIOLET RAY SENSITIVE... SPIES USED IT IN THE WAR...

THAT MUST MEAN BARRUM BELONGS TO SOME KIND OF SUBVERSIVE GROUP...

JOHNNY.. THAT FOGGED FILM.. IT WASN'T MY FAULT... THE GROUND MUSTA HAD SOME RADIO ACTIVE SUBSTANCE IN IT...

RIGHT! THEY KILLED SANDERS TO KEEP HIM FROM KNOWING THAT HE HAD A FORTUNE IN URANIUM!!

WHAT A BREAK!  
HERE COME THE COPS!

ALL BUT THE DOUGH-RE-ME FOR THE PLANE! WHAT A LIFE...!



# MOON EXPRESS

LIKE TO TAKE A RIDE TO THE MOON? WELL, YOU WON'T HAVE TO WAIT TOO LONG! ROCKET EXPERT WILLY LEY AND URANIUM EXPERT JOHN CAMPBELL WILL BET THAT THE FIRST ROCKET TO ARRIVE AT THE MOON WILL BE BEFORE 1950! HERE'S WHY...

EVER SINCE THE DAWN OF GUN-POWDER BACK IN OLD CATHAY, MAN HAS WONDERED...

HMM..THIS STUPID ONE  
CANNOT HELP WONDERING  
WHY SUCH A MEANS OF  
PROPULSION WOULD NOT  
CARRY A MAN THRU THE  
CELESTIAL AIR!



CYRANO DE BERGERAC WONDERED WHY YOU COULDN'T COLLECT DEW IN THE EARLY MORNING...

BY MY HALLIDOM, DEW RISES WHEN THE SUN COMES OUT, WHY THEN SHOULDN'T THE SUN RAISE ME, IF I HAVE A BELT FULL OF FLASKS CONTAINING DEW?



AS FAR BACK AS THE 1880'S JULES VERNES PREDICTED...

PERHAPS NOT SOON-- BUT SOME DAY, MAN WILL MAKE MY DREAM COME TRUE!



IN THE 1930'S ROCKET EXPERIMENTATION IN BERLIN, GERMANY, WAS AT ITS HEIGHT...

IF HERR HITLER, BLAST HIM, DOESN'T INTERFERE WITH US AGAIN, WE'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE A WORKING MODEL THAT WILL DO ALL WE WISH!



LOOK... MODEL NO. 37-B WORKS! WE ARE ON THE RIGHT TRAIL AT LAST!

YES, BUT GOOD ARYAN SCIENTISTS WILL TAKE OVER NOW!

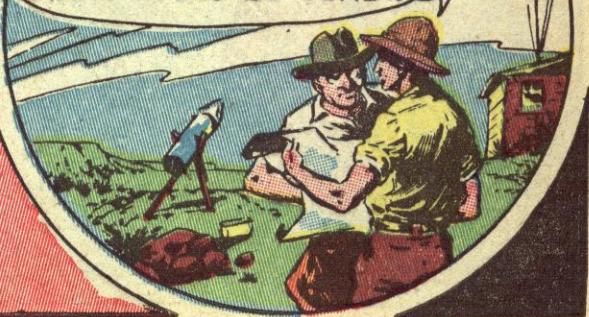


YES, THE FASCIST RATS MADE THE SAME MISTAKE WITH ROCKETS AS THEY DID WITH URANIUM 235.. THEY DROVE OFF AND KILLED THE MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAD THE KNOWLEDGE...



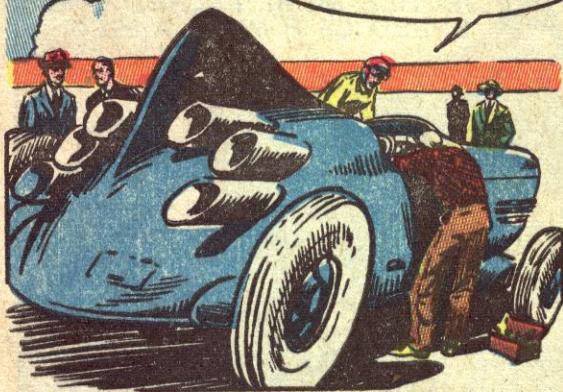
IN AMERICA, WE WERE STILL EXPERIMENTING.. DR. GODDARD HAS WORKED FOR 20 YEARS OUT IN THE ARIZONA DESERT...

THIS NEW FUEL MAY HELP-- IF WE ONLY HAD ATOMIC POWER-- THEN THE MOON AND THE STARS WOULD BE OURS...

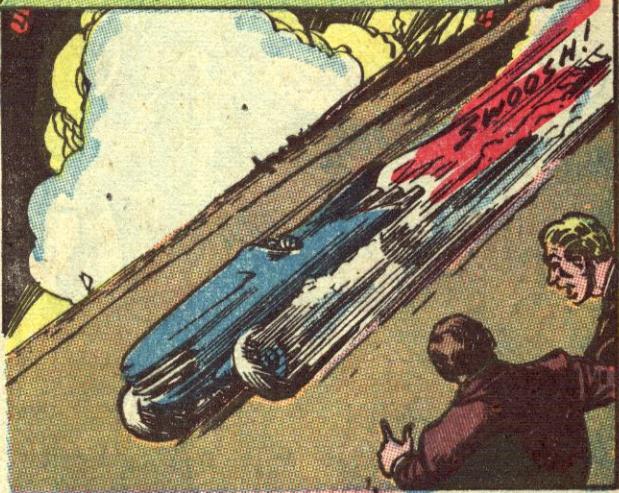


THE PROBLEM WAS ATTACKED IN  
MANY WAYS.. THERE WAS A MAN WHO..

THIS WILL SHOW  
THEM THE POWER  
OF THE ROCKETS



THE ROCKET POWERED CAR  
WAS A SUCCESS...

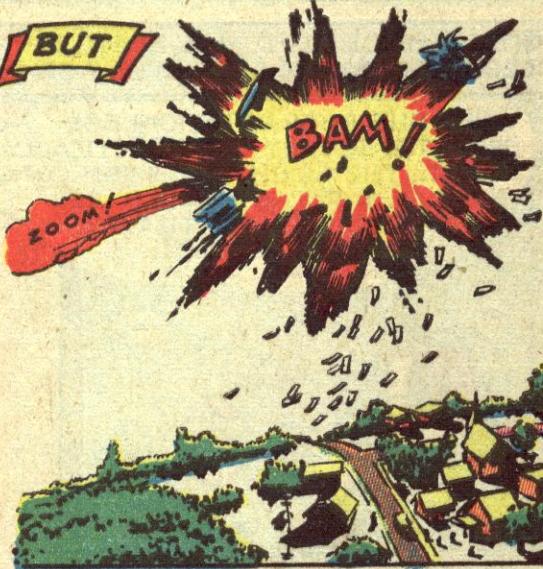


THERE WAS A GROUP THAT TRIED TO  
ESTABLISH A MAIL ROUTE WITH ROCKETS...

IF WE CAN PUT THIS MAIL ROUTE  
ON A PAYING BASIS WE MAY BE  
ABLE TO INTEREST SOME  
MILLIONAIRE INTO BACKING OUR  
EXPERIMENTS..



BUT



IT WAS TOO SOON..THE PROBLEM  
THAT ALWAYS BAFFLED THE  
EXPERIMENTERS WAS...

IT'S NO USE..HYDROGEN HAS  
FAILED AS A POWER SOURCE..WE  
KNOW THAT A LIQUID FUEL IS SU-  
PERIOR TO A DRY OR A POWDER  
BASE..BUT IT IS NOT POWERFUL  
ENOUGH FOR THE WEIGHT!



THE PROBLEM COULD NOT BE SOLVED TILL...



**HIROSHIMA.. A WORD OF POWER, A WORD TO CONJURE WITH! ATOMIC POWER!**



**YOU SEE, THE POWER OF U-235 GIVES ALL THE NEEDED POWER TO BEAT THE PROBLEM OF...**



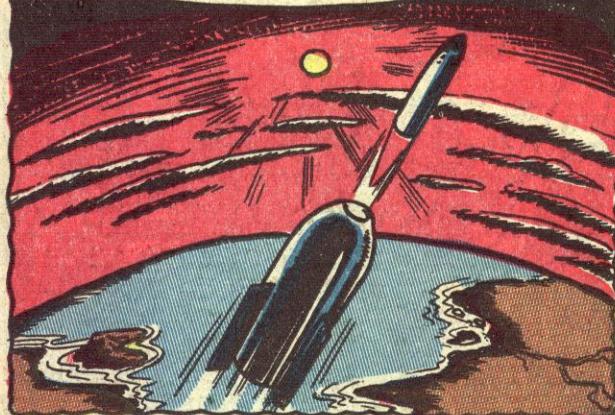
**SINCE THAT SPEED HAS BEEN EXCEEDED, THE PULL OF EARTH IS LEFT BEHIND.**



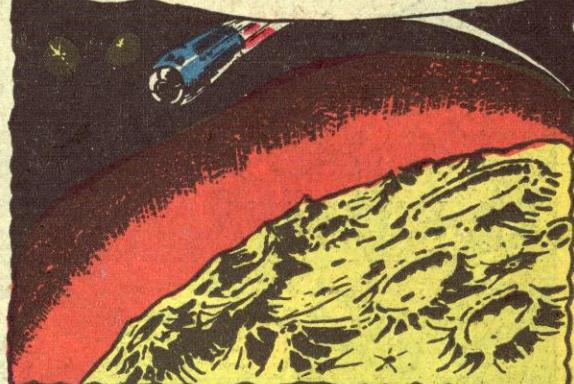
**PRACTICALLY, WHAT HAS BEEN DONE ON THE SUBJECT ?**



THE HUGE BURNED OUT JETS CAN BE CAST OFF. THE TIP OF THE BIG SHIP CUTS OFF. IT IS AN ENTIRE ROCKET SHIP IN ITSELF.



SMALL, EASILY CONTROLLABLE, NO POWER WOULD BE NEEDED FOR THE TRIP AROUND THE MOON. THE PATH WOULD BE CHARTED SO AS TO UTILIZE THE PULL OF MOON TO FORCE THE SHIP ONWARD...

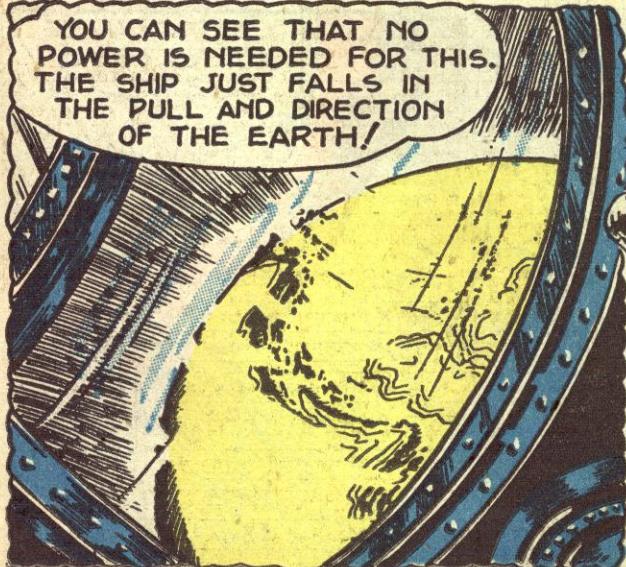


ONCE AROUND THE MOON, JUST BEFORE THE MOON'S GRAVITATION WOULD ENGULF THE SHIP...

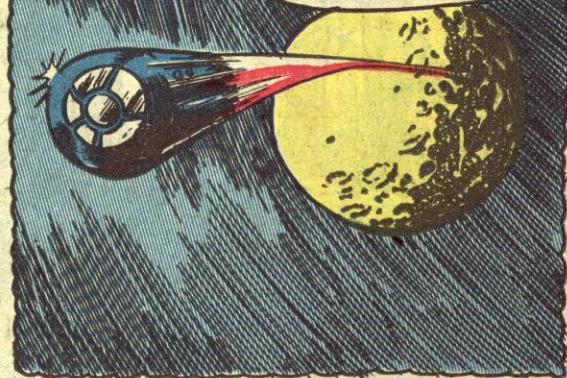
THE SHIP WOULD DISCHARGE ALL ITS JETS AND START THE RETURN TRIP.



YOU CAN SEE THAT NO POWER IS NEEDED FOR THIS. THE SHIP JUST FALLS IN THE PULL AND DIRECTION OF THE EARTH!

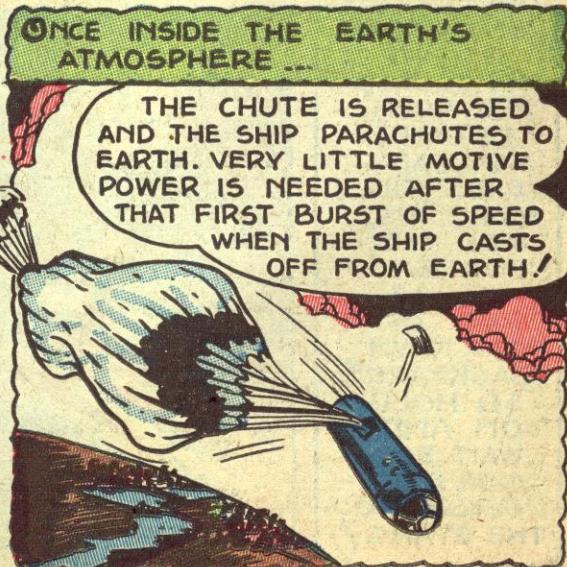


AS SOON AS THE ROCKET SHIP HAS ESCAPED FROM THE PULL OF THE MOON AND IS BACK IN FREE SPACE, THE EARTH WOULD START TO PULL IT...



ONCE INSIDE THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE...

THE CHUTE IS RELEASED AND THE SHIP PARACHUTES TO EARTH. VERY LITTLE MOTIVE POWER IS NEEDED AFTER THAT FIRST BURST OF SPEED WHEN THE SHIP CASTS OFF FROM EARTH!



IT IS OBVIOUS THAT NO MAN NEED RISK HIS LIFE ON THE FIRST TRIP. ALL THE NECESSARY OPERATIONS CAN BE DONE BY CLOCKWORK.

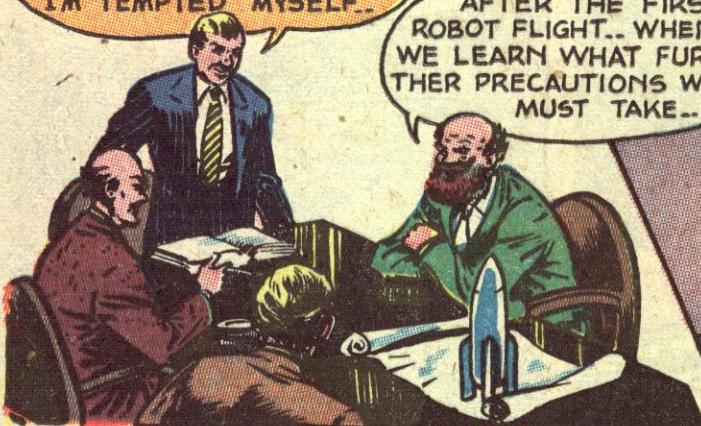
WE CAN TIME THE MOVIE CAMERA TO START AS THE SHIP LEAVES EARTH.. THEN IT CUTS OFF AND DOESN'T GO BACK ON AGAIN TILL THE ROCKET IS AT THE BACK OF THE MOON!



NEVERTHELESS THE FIRST EXPERIMENTAL ROCKET SHOULD BE EXAMINED CLOSELY FOR STOWAWAYS! I'M TEMPTED MYSELF..

IMAGINE BEING THE FIRST MAN TO THE MOON! BUT THAT WILL COME AFTER THE FIRST ROBOT FLIGHT.. WHEN WE LEARN WHAT FURTHER PRECAUTIONS WE MUST TAKE..

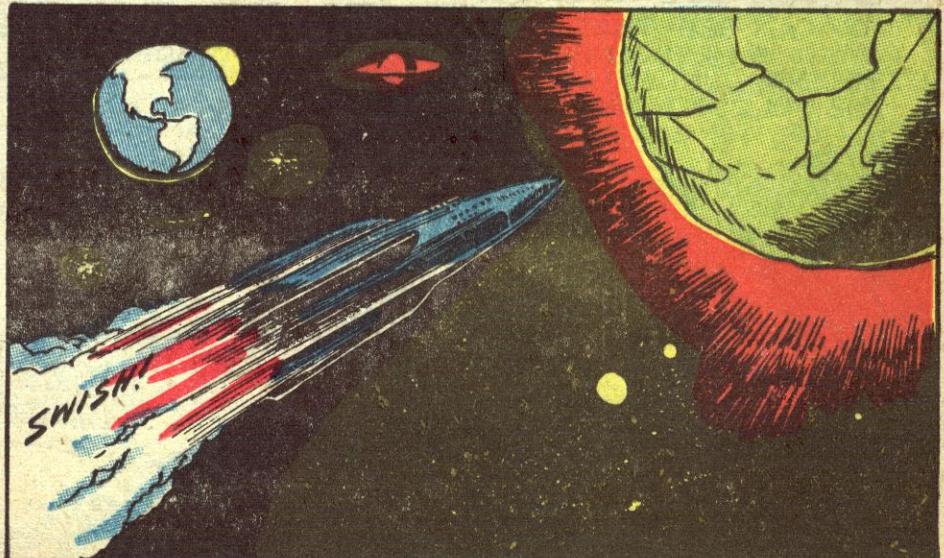
REMEMBER, THIS IS NOT FAR OFF IN THE DISTANT FUTURE .. BUT IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER !

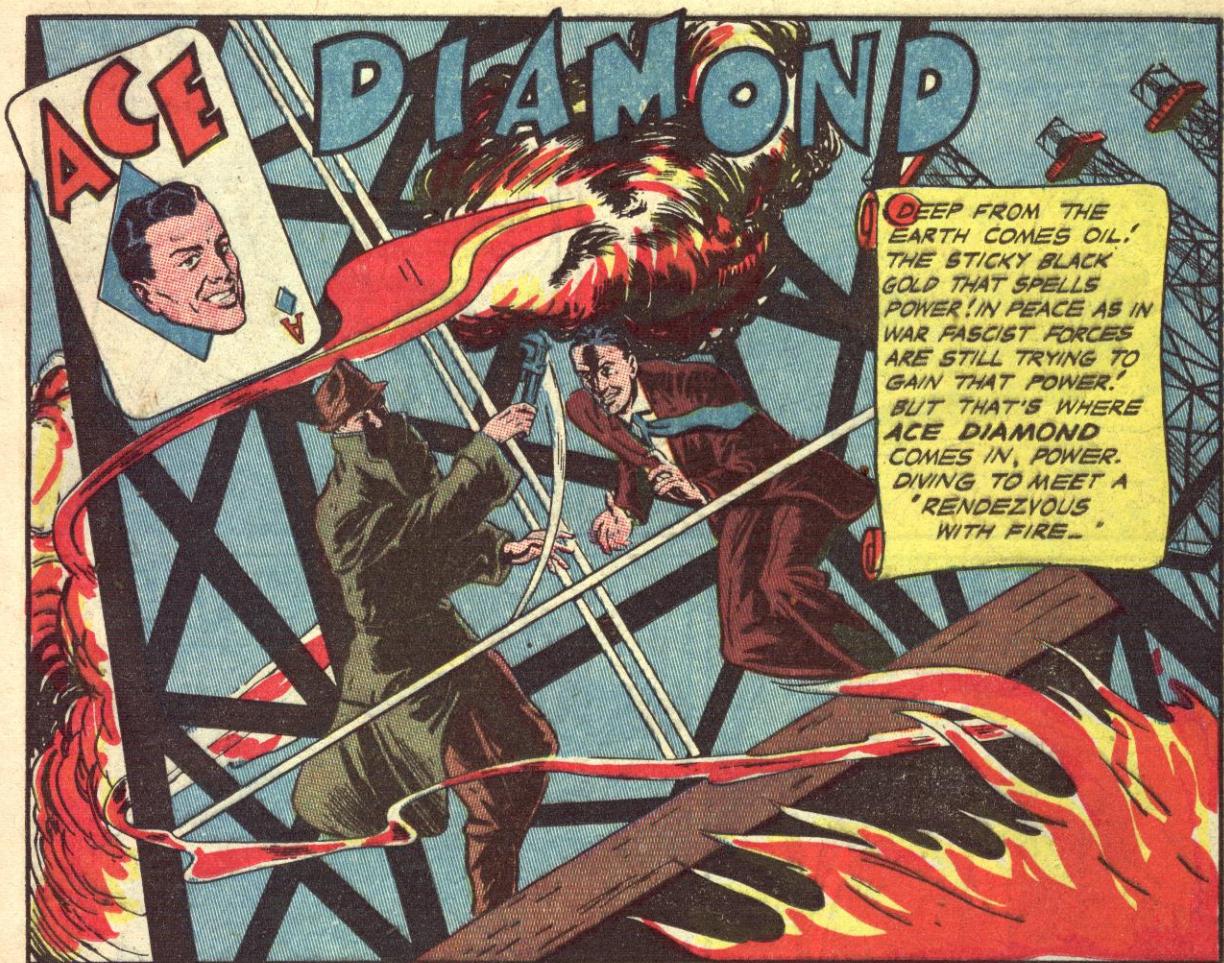


I HAVE FIGURED OUT THE COSTS INVOLVED. THE MOON ROCKET CAN BE BUILT FOR LESS THAN TEN MILLION DOLLARS!

MUCH, MUCH LESS THAN THE COST OF A SUPER-DREADNOUGHT!

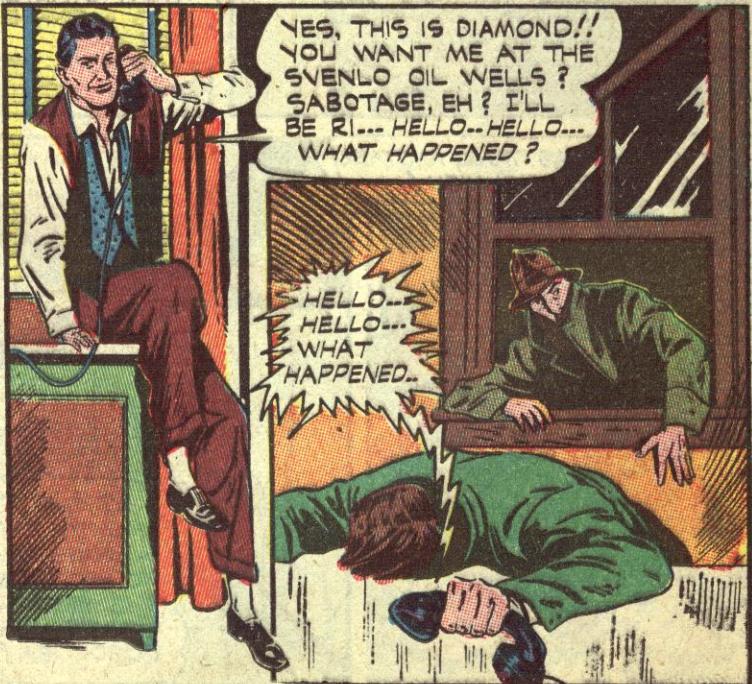
AND ONCE WE HAVE CONQUERED THE MOON.. IT CAN'T BE MANY YEARS TILL MARS AND ALL THE PLANETS WILL BE PART OF OUR OWN BACKYARD! SO HOLD ON AND WAIT FOR YOUR RESERVATIONS TO THE STARS!





A PANIC-STRicken MAN PICKS UP A TELEPHONE IN A MIDDLE EAST OIL REFINERY....

IS THIS DIAMOND?? YOU'RE WANTED HERE AT ONCE!



THE FLYING DETECTIVE HEADS FOR THE SVENLO  
OIL WELLS AT ONCE!

I'M WELL OVER THE BALKANS  
NOW--- I'D SWEAR I CAN  
SEE A SHADOW UP IN  
THOSE CLOUDS.....

THIS IS NOT WHAT  
YOU'D CALL A  
CORDIAL WELCOME!  
BUT I MUST  
RETURN THEIR  
GREETING!

HAVE A LITTLE  
LEAD, GENTLEMEN!  
A LITTLE FOR  
A STARTER!

THE GRIM SKY BATTLE  
RAGES--- BUT NOW IT'S  
ONLY FIVE TO ONE!

THAT STARTER  
WAS A FINISHER  
FOR ONE--  
AND NOW...

HIT IN THE GAS TANK, ANOTHER  
PLANE BLOWS SKY HIGH!

AND A THIRD SOON. FOLLOWS...

AAAGHHH!

AT THE PRIZE  
FIGHTS, THEY  
ALWAYS YELLED  
TO HIT THEM IN  
THE BELLY--  
SOUNDS LIKE A  
GOOD IDEA!



**AT THE SVENLO WELLS, ACE FINDS A RECEPTION COMMITTEE WAITING FOR HIM---**



**YES, AND MR. JOHNSON... BUT HE WAS KILLED!**



AT THE REFINERY BUILDING, MINUTES LATER....

I'VE GOT A HUNCH ABOUT CROMBIE! MAYBE I'D BETTER HURRY!

I HOPE I'M IN TIME....

I SHOULD HAVE GUessed IT AND BEEN HERE IN TIME!

WE HEARD A SHOT AND FOUND HIM LYING HERE DEAD!

IT'S THE WELLS! THEY'RE SETTING THEM ON FIRE!

THIS IS THE SHOWDOWN! THIS IS THEIR FINAL STRIKE!

NO RACE WITH DISASTER!

I HOPE THE BIG BOSS IS AROUND! I'LL CLEAN THIS THING UP OR GET THE BIGGEST HOTFOOT OF MY LIFE!

THERE HE IS! WELL---I OUGHT TO BE USED TO THIN AIR BY NOW!

THE RING-LEADER TAKES REFUGE ON A DERRICK!

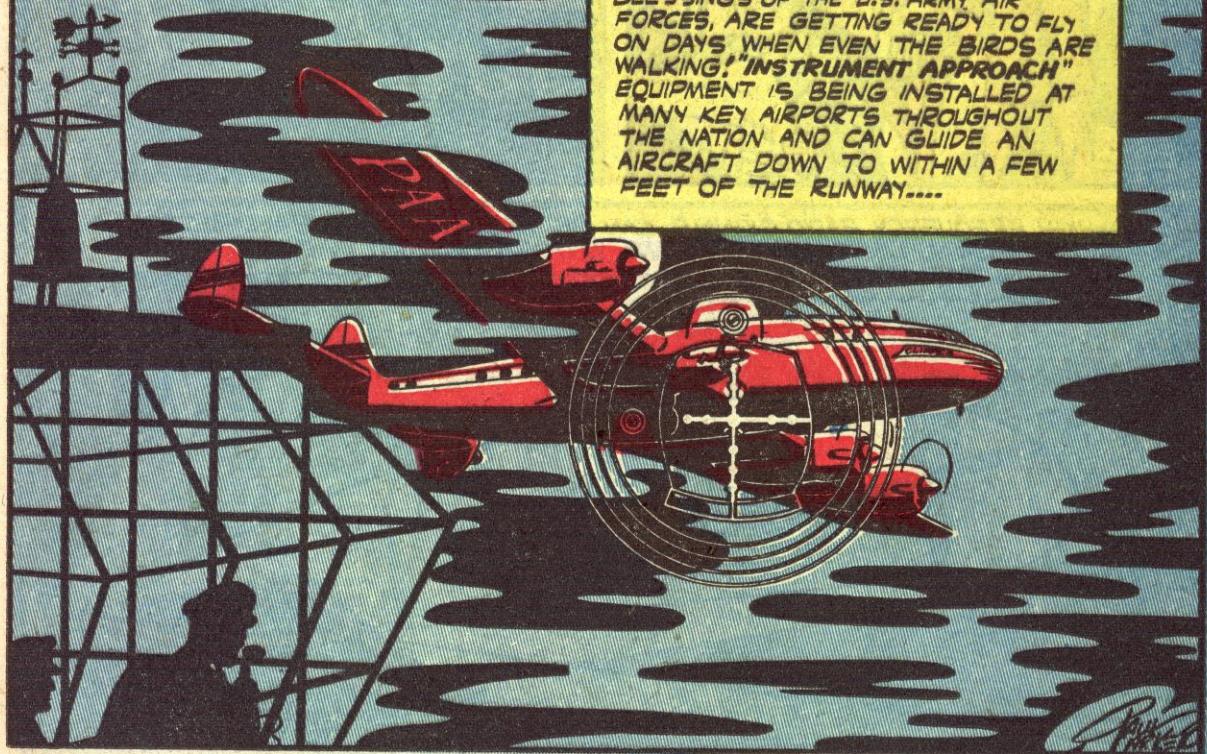
ARGH HHH!

BANG!



# INSTRUMENT APPROACH

AMERICAN AIRMEN, WITH THE BLESSINGS OF THE U.S. ARMY AIR FORCES, ARE GETTING READY TO FLY ON DAYS WHEN EVEN THE BIRDS ARE WALKING! "INSTRUMENT APPROACH" EQUIPMENT IS BEING INSTALLED AT MANY KEY AIRPORTS THROUGHOUT THE NATION AND CAN GUIDE AN AIRCRAFT DOWN TO WITHIN A FEW FEET OF THE RUNWAY....



IN THE NEAR FUTURE....

I UNDERSTAND THAT THERE IS A HEAVY FOG AT MY DESTINATION... WILL MY FLIGHT BE CANCELLED?

NO, SIR! THE FLIGHT WILL LEAVE AS SCHEDULED!

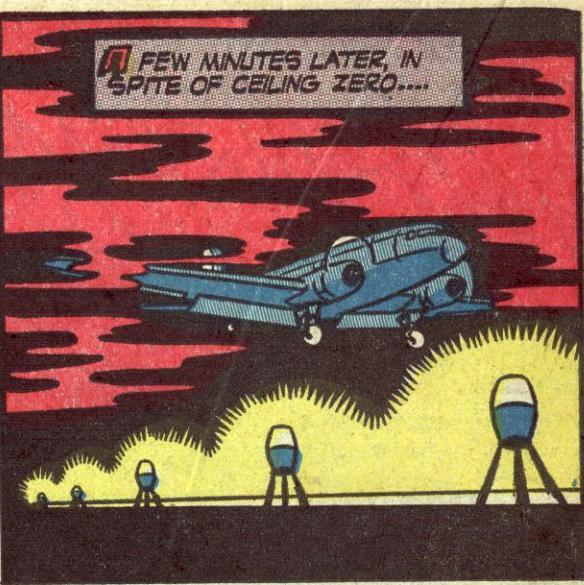


FASTEN YOUR SAFETY BELTS PLEASE.... WE ARE ABOUT TO LAND!

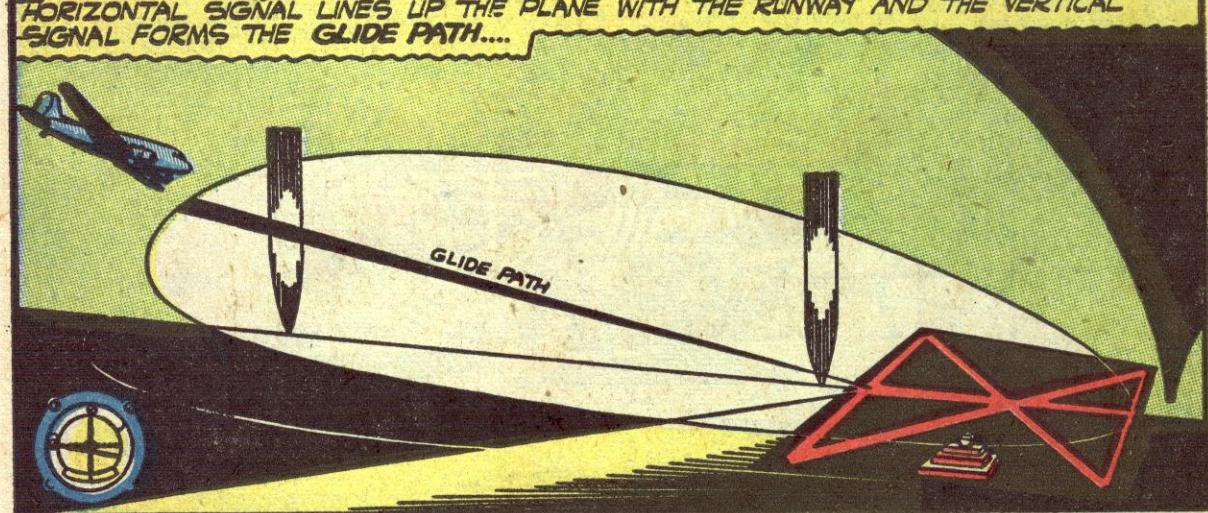
LAND? WHY I CAN'T SEE A THING OUTSIDE!



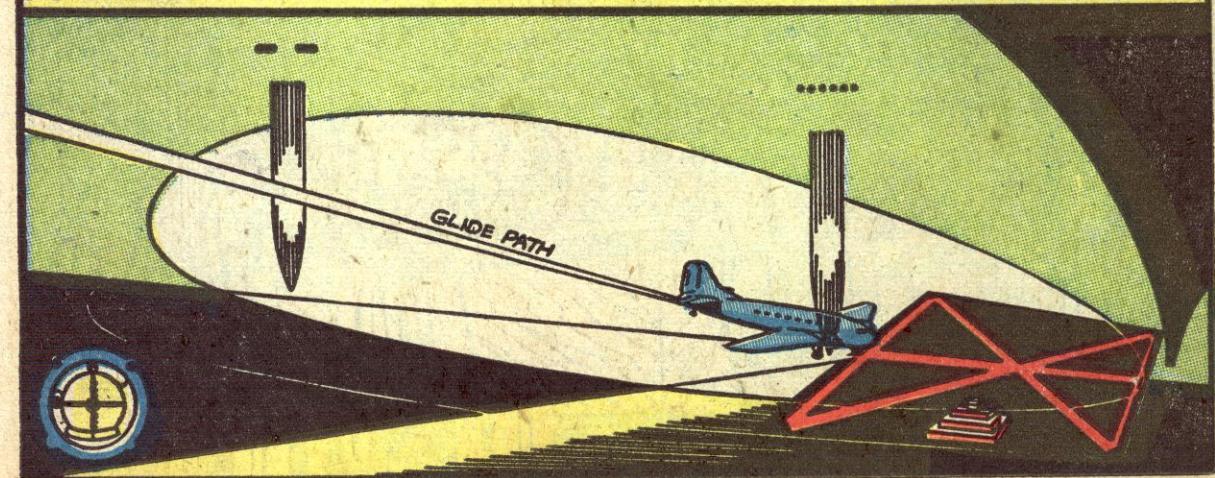
A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN SPITE OF CEILING ZERO....



ULTRA-HIGH FREQUENCY RADIO SIGNALS CAN BE TRANSMITTED IN ANY DIRECTION....THE HORIZONTAL SIGNAL LINES UP THE PLANE WITH THE RUNWAY AND THE VERTICAL SIGNAL FORMS THE GLIDE PATH....



BY VISUAL INDICATIONS ON THE APPROACH INDICATOR, THE PILOT GUIDES HIMSELF DOWN THE GLIDE PATH TO THE RUNWAY! THE MARKER BEACONS FLASH A SIGNAL TO THE COCKPIT AND TELL HIM HOW FAR HE IS FROM THE FIELD...



# CEILING ZERO

"What a beautiful night to be in bed," thought the Ticket Agent as he drowsily gazed out the window. The Airport waiting room was practically deserted for all flights had been cancelled, until further notice.

Outside, the air was filled with twisting, swirling snowflakes which covered the building like a blanket. It was the worst snowstorm New York had seen in a decade. All Air Traffic was grounded as far west as Chicago and as far south as Charleston. The Weather Forecaster had predicted no let-up within the next twenty four hours.

A long black Sedan skidded to a halt in front of the Airport Administration Building. Several husky men got out and hurried into the ticket office. The drowsy Agent was awakened by the strong commanding voice. "Where can I find the Traffic Manager?"

"He is in his Office, Sir," replied the startled Agent. "Who shall I say is calling?"

The man whisked a shiny badge from his coat pocket. "The F.B.I."

The Ticket Agent hurried away and when he returned a few minutes later he found several more men standing at the counter.

"The Traffic Manager will see you, Gentlemen. Would you please follow me." They nodded and followed him up the stairs to the Manager's Office.

Wasting no time with formalities, the F.B.I. man faced the Traffic Manager. "It is of the utmost importance that we get to Washington, tonight. Our failure to reach there would cause an International catastrophe."

"You Gentlemen know that all Flights have been cancelled and it is almost impossible to get a plane through."

"Yes, yes," replied the F.B.I. man impatiently. "The roads are blocked, the Trains cannot get through and this is our only chance of getting to Washington, tonight."

"But I haven't the authority to—"

"I want you to meet this Gentleman," interrupted the F.B.I. man. He pointed to a medium sized, bespectacled man who had been sitting

quietly in the back shadows of the room. "This is—"

Down in the Pilot's locker room the fliers were trying vainly to amuse themselves. These men who had gambled, at one time or another, for the highest stakes imaginable, life or death, found a penny-ante game of poker very dull.

"Slip Corbett and Charlie Holt, report to the Traffic Manager's Office, immediately," the loud-speaker blared through the room.

"Guess that means us," said Slip as he looked at the small man sitting next to him. "C'mon Babyface, let's go."

As Slip and Charlie opened the Old Man's Door and walked into his office, the men in the room stood up and turned toward them. "Gentlemen, this is Slip Corbett and Charlie Holt."

Slip glanced warily around the room trying to make out the faces of the men. For some peculiar reason, the room had been darkened and one of the men stood back in the dim shadows.

"Slip, do you think you can make it to Washington, tonight?"

"Uh-uh, yes sir," mumbled Slip. Then he caught a glimpse of the man in the shadows. A faint spark of recognition ignited his brain, but he couldn't exactly place the medium built, bespectacled man.

"The runways here are covered with snow about four inches deep. So you will have to have a minimum load on the ship. Take No. 234 and I'll have her loaded with Two hours of fuel. That will leave you a margin of forty five minutes and make the takeoff comparatively safe! The snowfall in Washington has been very light but the full fury of the storm will reach there before you do. I would suggest you land at the Army Base and use the new Localizer Beam."

"Yes sir," reptated Slip "Charlie and I will get our togs."

"Before you go. It is of the utmost importance that you mention this flight to no one. These Gentlemen desire secrecy, for now and for ever. When you get to Washington, lay over until the weather clears."

As Slip and Babyface walked toward the hangar, the snow reached out, covering them from head to foot. Slip was already planning the dangerous trip ahead, for he knew it would be a precarious flight. His thoughts were jumbled—why this oh so secret stuff—and who was that? "C'mon Slip, where do you think you're going?"

Slip glanced up and noticed he was walking by the Hangar. "Sorry, Babyface, guess I was thinking."

A few minutes later as they taxied to the front of the Administration Building, Slip noticed the group of men hurrying toward the plane. He tried to pierce the wall of snow with his eyes but to no avail. Oh well, he thought as he settled back to the business ahead. This is going to be a tough trip and I'd better keep my mind on my work.

Babyface came back up the ramp and seated himself in the right hand seat. "Let's go, Slip," he said, "the passengers are all settled."

"Tower Control from 234. Taxi and Takeoff instructions, please. Over."

"Tower Control to 234. Taxi to runway 27 and takeoff when ready."

"Roger. Wilco."

The large aircraft shuddered as Slip ran the engines up to full power. Both he and Charlie were holding the brakes until Slip shouted. "O.K., let's go." The plane surged forward as the twin propellers took gigantic pieces of air and snow and threw it behind them. Slip held the wheel with both hands and concentrated on his Instruments. The airspeed read 70—80—90—100—110 and Slip eased back the wheel and the plane gracefully left the earth. "Wheels up. 40 inches. 1900 r.p.m." Ordered Slip and Charlie executed them almost before he could say the words.

In ten long minutes they were at 5000 ft. The course was set for 200 degrees, the airspeed was 160 mph, so they should reach Washington in about one and three quarter hours. Tracking down the right side of the Philadelphia beam, all seemed well, so they set the ship on the Automatic Pilot, leaned back and relaxed.

Babyface broke the silence and asked, "Slip, what do you make of this deal?"

"I'm not sure Kid," replied Slip. "It seems I've seen one of those men before. Just where, I can't seem to recall?"

"With those big husky guys sticking around him all the time he must be someone real important."

"Hold the fort for a while. I'm going back to see if I can get a better look at his face."

He got up and walked back to the Passenger's Deck. As he stepped inside he looked around. Several of the men stared at him and watched his every move. He saw the little man snoozing in his seat with his hat propped over his face. One of the big men got up and walked toward him. "Anything wrong?" he asked. "No, nothing," answered Slip. "Just came back to see how you were getting

along." "Unnn," grunted the FBI man ominously and returned to his seat.

Just at that moment the ship jerked violently and almost threw Slip off his feet. He rushed back to the cockpit and saw Charlie violently pumping the Hydraulic Handle. "What's the matter?"

"The Hydraulic System is on the blink. I guess we'll have to fly this thing all the way to Washington, 'cause the Automatic Pilot won't work."

Slip sat down and took over the controls.

For an hour he battled the fury of the storm using his years of experience and wisdom to beat it. Finally, he called to Babyface for the Washington Army Localizer Beam. As Charlie switched it on, on the High Frequency set, the needles of the Instrument danced for a moment and then pointed the way.

"I hope this thing works in the air as well as it does on the ground," prayed Slip. The slightest movement of the controls seemed to throw the needles off center. After five minutes of jockeying, Slip got them together, right on center. The outer marker beacon flashed its signal and Slip knew they were about 20 miles from the field. "Wheels down," he ordered. The descent was slow but they were soon at 1000 ft. The second marker flashed its signal and Slip called for the Flaps.

"Keep your eyes peeled for the runway, Babyface. As soon as you see it, take over and land."

"Roger!"

For both men it was a tense situation for neither had ever put this new system to practical use. Confidence is not born but is derived from experience! A few minutes later the steady light signal flashed on the Instrument Panel and Slip knew they were nearly over the runway—

"I got it," shouted Babyface. Slip instantly dropped his hands from the controls. Before he could look up from the Instrument Panel he felt the ship hit solid ground as it settled gently on the runway.

"Nice going Babyface. I was beginning to wonder whether or not we'd ever make it."

"That system is right on the beam."

As the plane taxied to a halt in front of the tower, Slip noticed a long black sedan pulling up beside. He cut the engines and sidled back to the Passenger Deck. As he opened the door he noticed the bespectacled man with coat collar upturned waiting to leave. As the men stepped into the black sedan the jumbled thoughts in Slip's mind took form.

"Well I'll be—. That's who he is . . . I knew I'd seen him somewhere . . ."

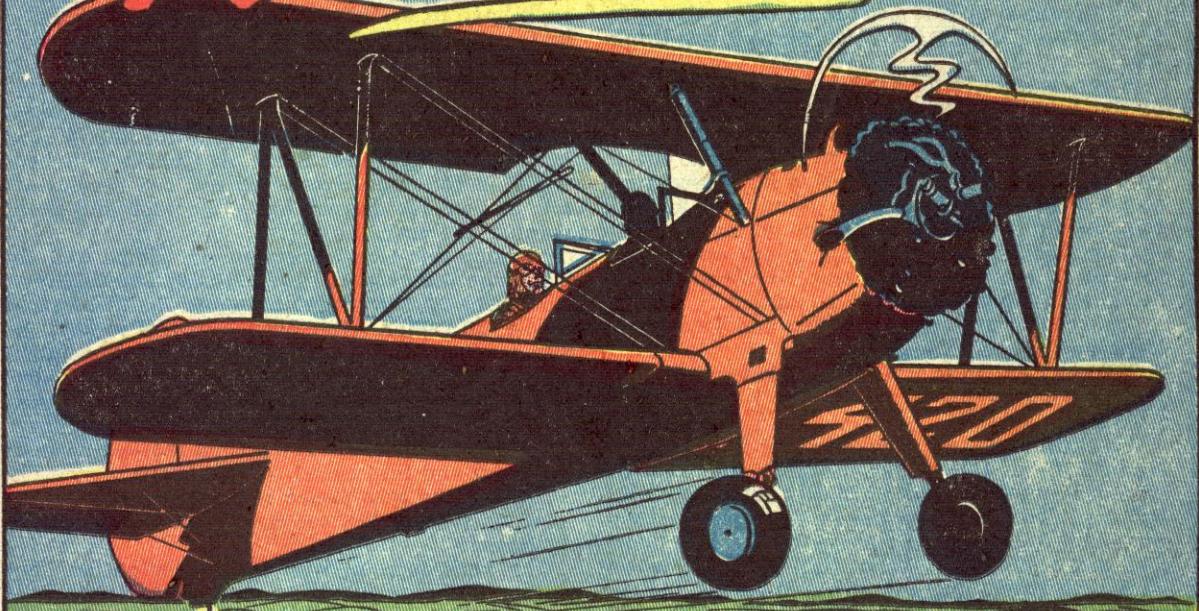
"What are you mumbling about?" interrupted Babyface. "Do you know who that guy was?"

"No, no," laughed Slip. "He just reminded me of some musician I'd seen in some honkytonk. That's all."

"What! We come through this stuff just to deliver a musician to Washington."

"Don't let it worry you, Junior. C'mon let's go get some sack-time."

# CONTACT'S FLIGHT CLASS



**T**HIS IS THE SECOND IN A SERIES OF LESSONS PRESENTED  
IN CONTACT TO HELP YOU UNDERSTAND THE BASIC  
FLIGHT PRINCIPALS! STUDY THESE PAGES  
VERY CAREFULLY AND YOU WILL FIND  
ITS VALUE IN ACTUAL  
PRACTICE...

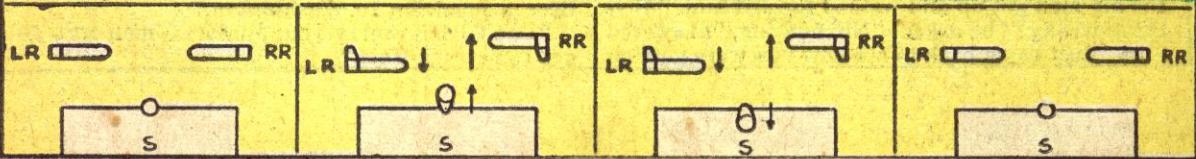
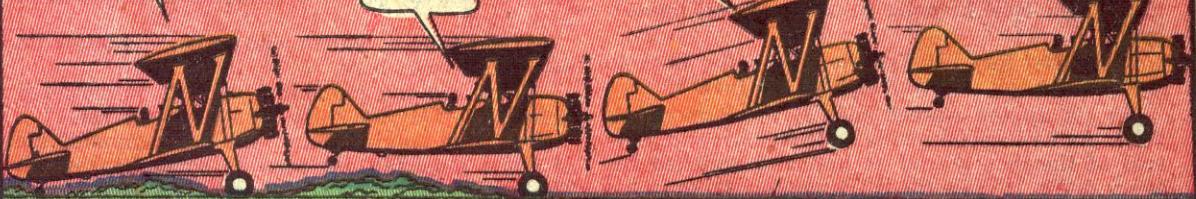
EASE THE THROTTLE  
ALL THE WAY FORWARD.  
CONTROLS IN  
NEUTRAL!

HOLD RIGHT  
RUDDER TO ALLAY  
ENGINE TORQUE!  
AFTER A RUN OF ABOUT  
100 FEET, PUSH THE STICK  
FORWARD AND LIFT THE  
TAIL...

AS WE GAIN  
SPEED, APPLY BACK  
PRESSURE ON THE  
STICK AND WE  
ARE IN THE  
AIR !!

LEVEL OFF AND PICK  
UP MORE SPEED  
AND THEN NEUTRALIZE  
RUDDER!!

## THE TAKE-OFF



LOOK AT THE NOSE OF THE SHIP AS WE GO INTO A GENTLE CLIMB!

### THE CLIMB

BRING THE THROTTLE SLIGHTLY BACK AND APPLY RIGHT RUDDER AGAIN!

WE CONTINUE TO CLIMB IN THIS POSITION UNTIL WE REACH OUR ALTITUDE!

THEN WE LEVEL OFF, EASING BACK ON THE THROTTLE AND NEUTRALIZING CONTROLS.



LR      RR

LR      RR

LR      RR

LR      RR

0  
S

0  
S

0  
S

0  
S

### CO-ORDINATED TURNS

BY APPLYING LEFT RUDDER AND A SLIGHT BACK LEFT PRESSURE ON THE STICK, WE MAKE A LEFT TURN!

WE HOLD THIS, KEEPING THE NOSE ON THE HORIZON TO MAINTAIN THE TURN!

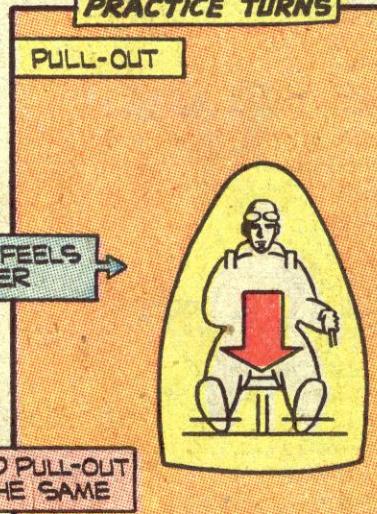
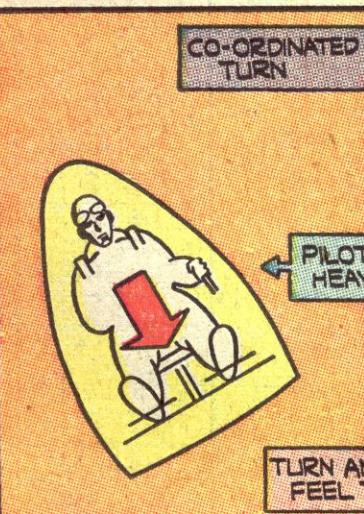


LR      ↑      RR  
S

LR      ↑      RR  
S



...USING STEADY EVEN PRESSURE AS BEFORE!



PILOT FEELS HEAVIER  
TURN AND PULL-OUT FEEL THE SAME

PILOT FEELS HE IS BEING FORCED SIDEWAYS IN HIS SEAT

THE ABOVE ARE THE REACTIONS TO THE CO-ORDINATED AND UNCO-ORDINATED TURNS.

**STALLS.... WHEN THE SPEED IS DECREASED TO A POINT, WHEN THE WINGS CANNOT SUSTAIN THE WEIGHT OF THE PLANE... IT STALLS!!**

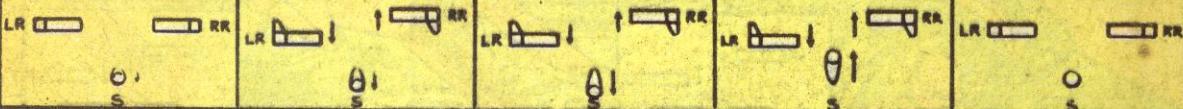
WE THROTTLE BACK AND APPLY STICK BACK!

WE ARE APPROACHING THE STALL POSITION AND APPLY RIGHT RUDDER TO ALLAY TORQUE!

PULL BACK STICK AS THE SHIP FALLS!

RECOVER MEANS FULL FORWARD STICK TO GET THE NOSE DOWN!

WHEN WE PICK UP SPEED WE LEVEL OFF AND NEUTRALIZE THE CONTROLS!



**SPINS.... IF YOU ARE ABLE TO RECOVER FROM STALLS, YOU WILL RARELY FIND YOURSELF IN A SPIN.... IF YOU DO FIND YOURSELF IN THAT POSITION, IT'S RECOVERY IS AS FOLLOWS....**

WE APPROACH THE SPIN AS WE DO THE STALL!

AS WE STALL, WE APPLY FULL RUDDER IN THE DIRECTION WE WISH TO SPIN, AND FULL BACK STICK!

NOW WE ARE IN THE SPIN, HOLDING FULL POSITIONS ON THE STICK AND RUDDER!

FIRST WE APPLY FULL OPPOSITE RUDDER TO STOP THE SPIN....

THEN WE EASE BACK ON THE STICK....

THEN WE POP THE STICK FORWARD TO REGAIN SPEED....

AND LEVEL OFF!!

**SPINS AND STALLS ARE VERY CLOSELY RELATED... IN FACT, ALMOST EVERY STALL, UNLESS PROMPTLY CORRECTED, WILL END IN A SPIN... PRACTICE WILL SHOW HOW SIMPLE IT IS TO RECOVER....**

FIG # 1

LR      RR

O

S

FIG # 2

LR      RR

O

S

FIG # 3

LR      RR

O

S

FIG # 4

LR      RR

O

S

FIG # 5

LR      RR

O

S

FIG # 6

LR      RR

O

S

FIG # 7

LR      RR

O

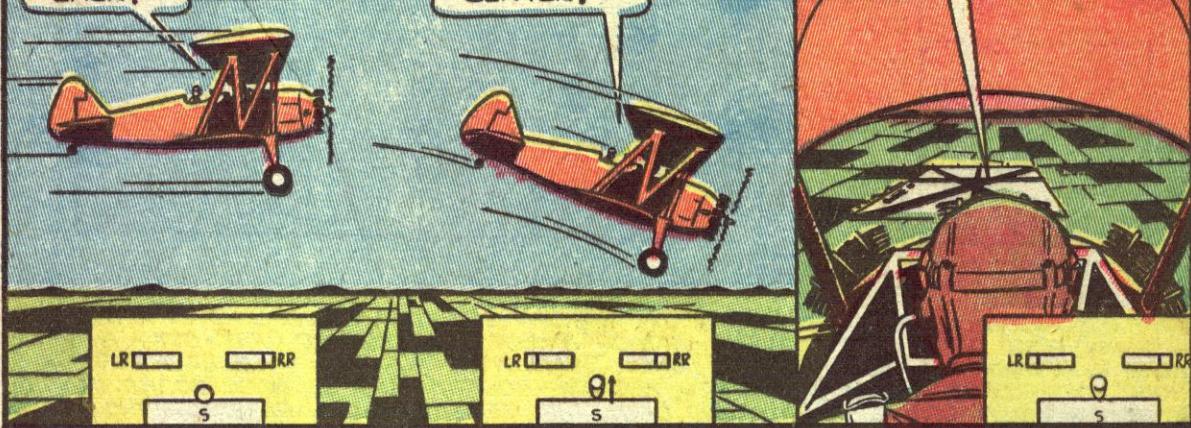
S

**GLIDING: THIS IS VERY IMPORTANT, FOR YOUR LANDING TECHNIQUE IS BASED ON YOUR ABILITY TO GLIDE...**

**SET OUR GLIDE, WE EASE THE THROTTLE ALL THE WAY BACK!**

**TO AS WE BEGIN TO LOSE SPEED, WE EASE THE STICK SLIGHTLY FORWARD OF CENTER!**

**WE REGAIN OUR SPEED AND MAINTAIN A GLIDE!**

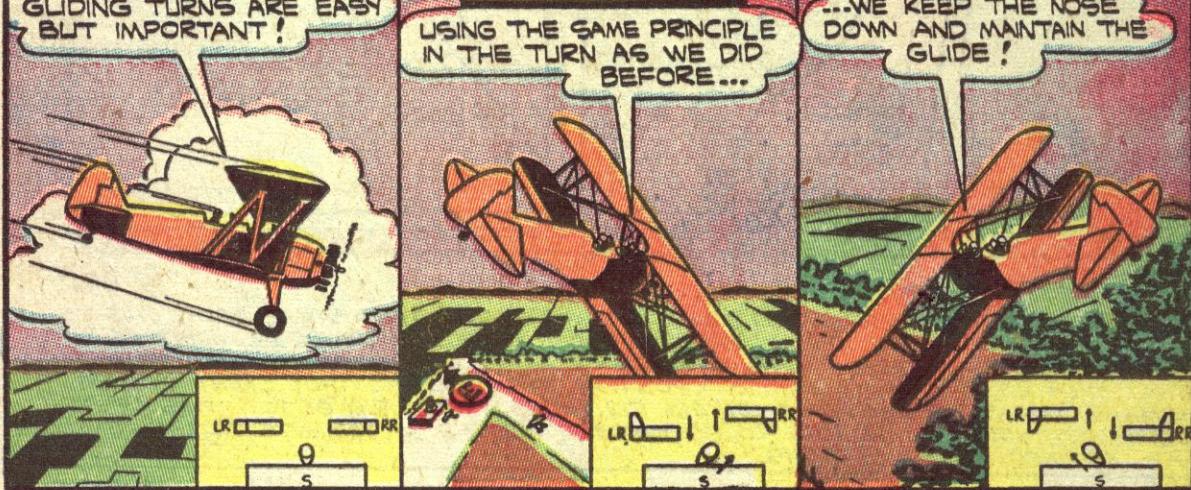


**NEVER WASTE A MOMENT IN THE AIR... ON THE WAY BACK TO THE FIELD WE WILL PRACTICE GLIDING TURNS!**

**GLIDING TURNS ARE EASY BUT IMPORTANT!**

**USING THE SAME PRINCIPLE IN THE TURN AS WE DID BEFORE...**

**...WE KEEP THE NOSE DOWN AND MAINTAIN THE GLIDE!**



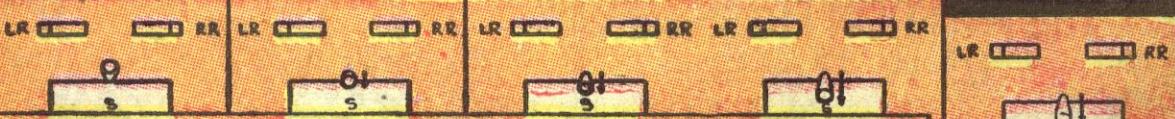
**EASE THE THROTTLE BACK!**

**BREAK THE GLIDE WITH BACK PRESSURE ON THE STICK!**

**ABOUT FIVE FEET OFF THE GROUND ADD MORE BACK PRESSURE!**

**KEEP COMING BACK ON THE STICK AND SHE STARTS TO SETTLE AND STALL!**

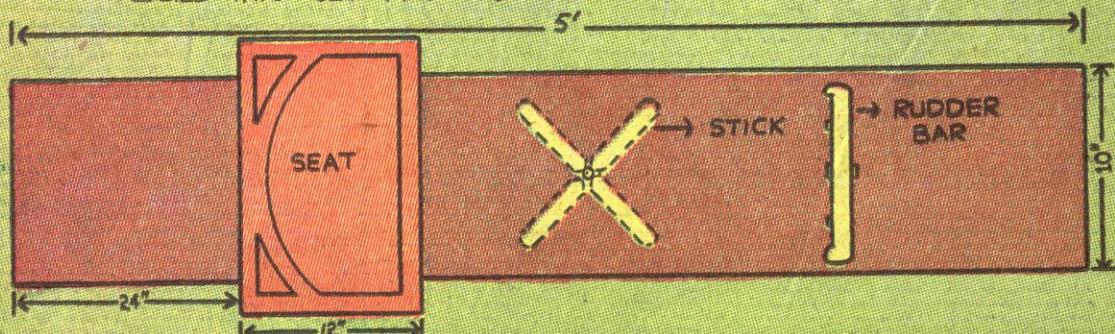
**THAT'S WHAT YOU CALL A 3 POINT LANDING!**



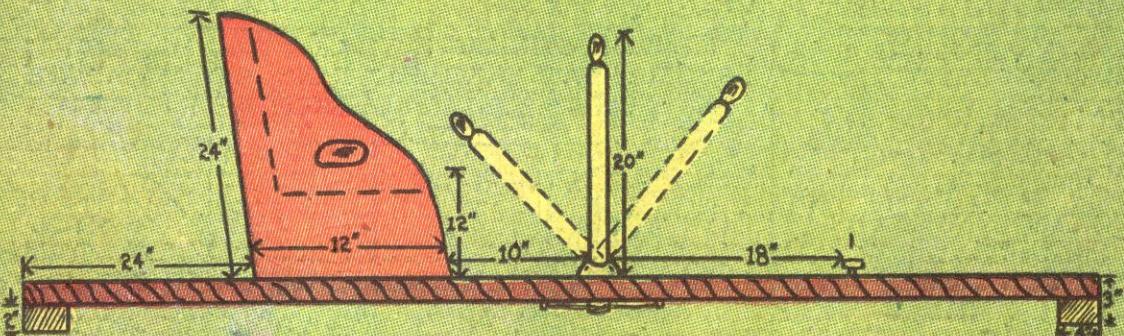
**EACH MANEUVER MUST BE PRACTICED UNTIL YOU MASTER IT! READING THEM IS NOT SUFFICIENT... SO GO TO IT AND TAKE REAL FLYING LESSONS! IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CONTACT, WE WILL PRESENT MORE INSTRUCTIONS ON THE MORE DIFFICULT MANEUVERS!**

# HOW TO BUILD A PRACTICE SET OF CONTROLS

BUILD THIS SET AND PRACTICE FLYING AT HOME.



TAKE A BOARD APPROXIMATELY 6FT. LONG, 10IN. WIDE. RAISE IT FROM THE GROUND BY ATTACHING A SHORT PIECE OF 2x4 TO EACH END. ATTACH A SEAT NEAR ONE END OF IT. GET A PIECE OF WOOD  $\frac{3}{4}$  IN. THICK 2IN. WIDE AND 15IN. LONG. SHAPE IT AT THE ENDS TO MAKE A REST FOR YOUR TOES. DRILL A HOLE IN THE CENTER AND BOLT IT TO YOUR BASE BOARD. IF YOU ATTACH A LIGHT SPRING TO EACH END OF IT, THE SENSATION WILL RESEMBLE THE ACTION OF AN AIRPLANE....



ANY ROUND STICK APPROXIMATELY 2FT. LONG WILL SERVE AS A STICK. MOUNT THIS TO YOUR BASEBOARD ABOUT 10 IN. IN FRONT OF YOUR SEAT IN A UNIVERSAL JOINT AS IN THE ABOVE DIAGRAM. ATTACH 4 LIGHT SPRINGS OR HEAVY RUBBER BANDS TO THE STICK SO THAT THEY HOLD IT IN AN UPRIGHT POSITION, THE PRESSURE THEY EXERT WILL BE SIMILAR TO THE AIR PRESSURE ON THE CONTROLS WHILE FLYING. WITH THIS SAMPLE EQUIPMENT, YOU WILL BE ABLE TO GO THROUGH ALL THE MOVEMENTS OF THE CONTROLS AS OUTLINED IN OUR LESSONS.

Contact

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and tell us how you liked THIS ISSUE of  
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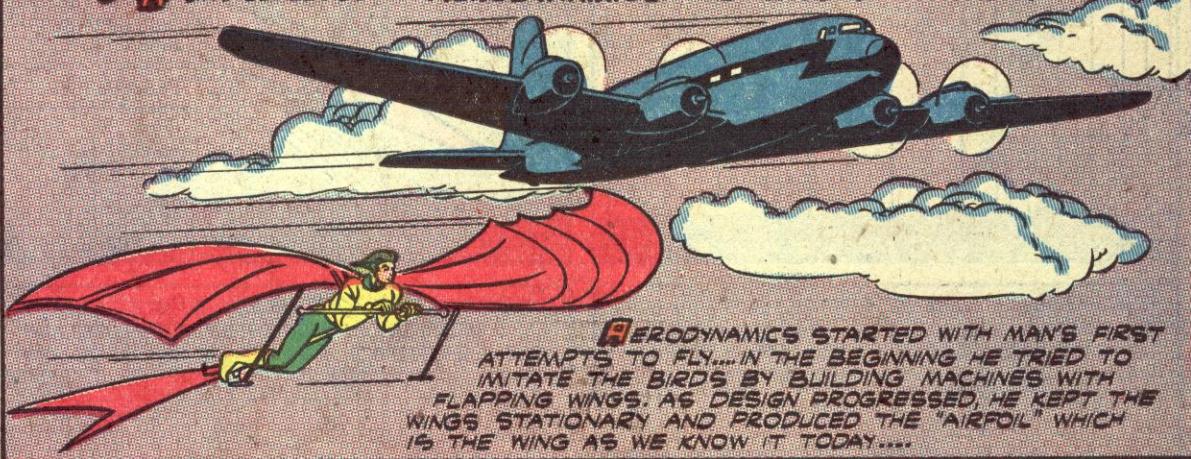
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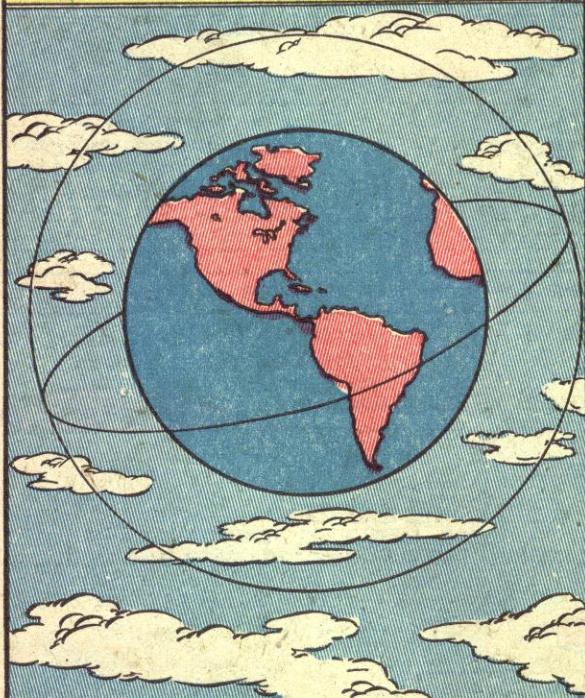
# The theory OF FLIGHT

A SIMPLE LESSON IN AERODYNAMICS...THE REASONS FOR FLIGHT.



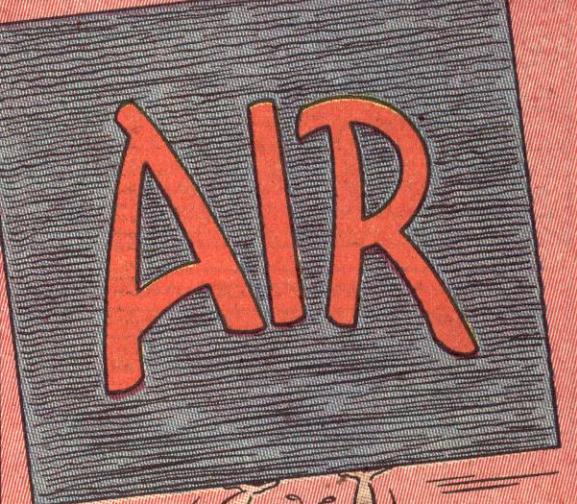
AERODYNAMICS STARTED WITH MAN'S FIRST ATTEMPTS TO FLY...IN THE BEGINNING HE TRIED TO IMITATE THE BIRDS BY BUILDING MACHINES WITH FLAPPING WINGS. AS DESIGN PROGRESSSED, HE KEPT THE WINGS STATIONARY AND PRODUCED THE "AIRPOIL" WHICH IS THE WING AS WE KNOW IT TODAY....

MANY PEOPLE THINK THERE IS A MYSTERY ABOUT HOW AND WHY AN AIRPLANE FLEES ?? SO READ THE FOLLOWING PAGES AND LEARN THE SIMPLE ANSWERS...



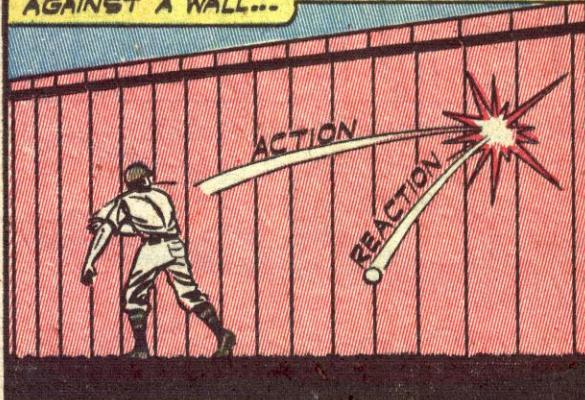
THE OCEAN OF AIR WHICH SURROUNDS THE EARTH FOR 100 MILES OR MORE IS THE AREA WHERE AN AIRPLANE OPERATES. IT HAS MASS AND WEIGHT AND LIKE ALL OTHER OBJECTS IS ATTRACTED TO EARTH BY GRAVITY....

THOUGH WE ARE NOT CONSCIOUS OF IT, THE ATMOSPHERE EXERTS A TERRIFIC PRESSURE ON OUR BODIES....

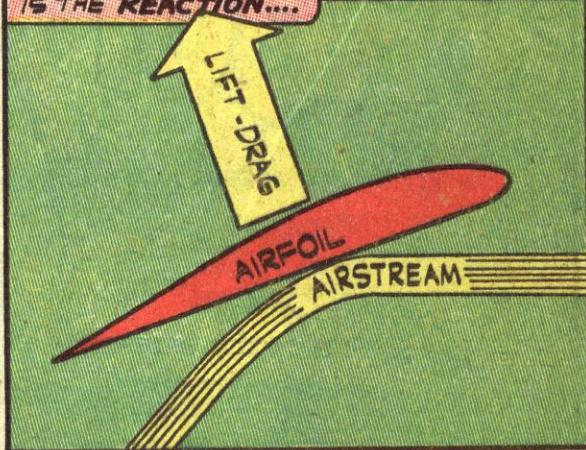


IF THERE WASN'T ANY PRESSURE IN OUR BODIES, THIS WOULD HAPPEN....

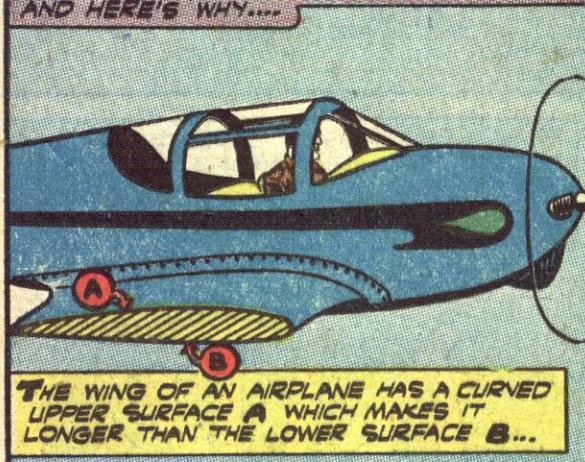
**SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S THIRD LAW STATES THAT "FOR EVERY ACTION, THERE MUST BE AN EQUAL AND OPPOSITE REACTION." THE AIRPLANE FLIES ACCORDING TO THIS PROVEN LAW OF MOTION. TO PROVE THIS TO YOURSELF, THROW A RUBBER BALL AGAINST A WALL....**



**SO, WHEN AIR, WHICH HAS MASS AND WEIGHT, STRIKES THE WING, IT IS DEFLECTED DOWN (THAT IS THE ACTION) AND THE WING GOES UP AND BACK. (THAT IS THE REACTION....)**

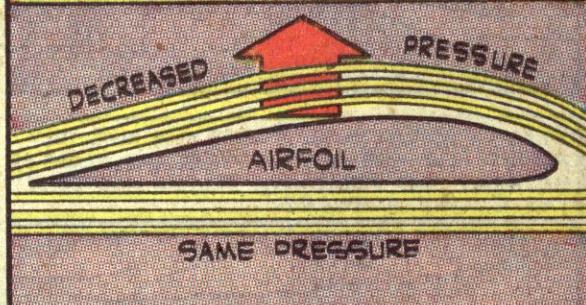


**WE KNOW THAT AIR IS A MASS, SO IT MUST HIT BOTH SIDES OF THE WING OR AIRFOIL... THAT IS TRUE, BUT WE STILL HAVE LIFT AND HERE'S WHY....**



**THE WING OF AN AIRPLANE HAS A CURVED UPPER SURFACE A WHICH MAKES IT LONGER THAN THE LOWER SURFACE B...**

**BERNOULLI'S THEOREM STATES THAT "AN INCREASE IN AIR SPEED RESULTS IN A CORRESPONDING DECREASE IN PRESSURE."**

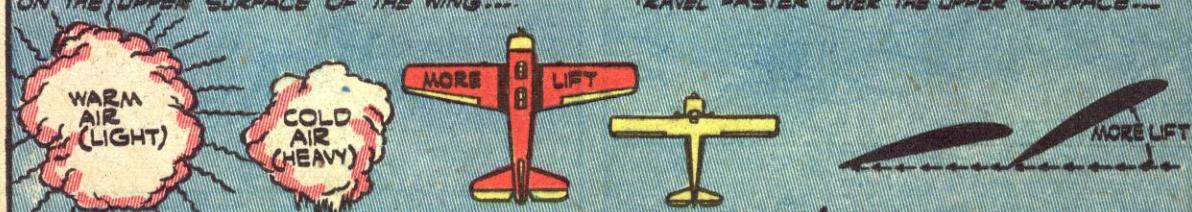


**SINCE THE AIR TRAVELS IN A MASS OR BODY, THAT AIR GOING OVER THE TOP OF THE WING MUST TRAVEL FASTER TO MEET THE AIR ON THE BOTTOM. THIS RESULTS IN A DECREASE IN PRESSURE ON THE UPPER SURFACE OF THE WING, CAUSING LIFT.**

**THERE ARE FIVE FORCES WHICH CONTROL THE LIFT ON THE PLANE'S WING....**



**SPEED... THE GREATER THE SPEED THE GREATER THE LIFT BECAUSE OF LESS PRESSURE ON THE UPPER SURFACE OF THE WING....**



**FORM... THE GREATER THE UPPER SURFACE, THE LESS PRESSURE, FOR THE AIR HAS TO TRAVEL FASTER OVER THE UPPER SURFACE....**



**ATMOSPHERE... THE HEAVIER THE AIR, THE MORE LIFT...**

**WING AREA... THE GREATER THE AREA, THE MORE LIFT...**

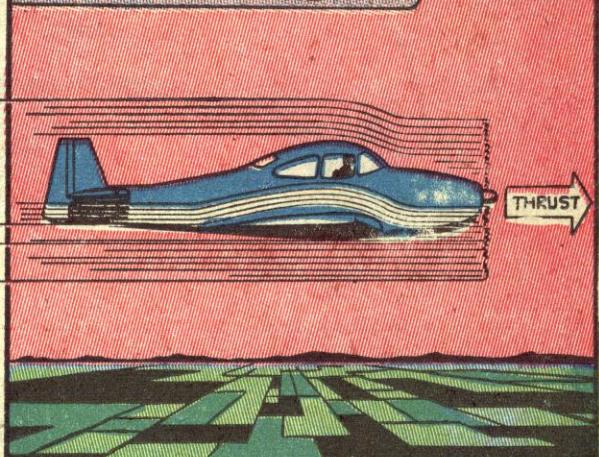
**ANGLE OF ATTACK... LIFT INCREASES AS THE ANGLE OF ATTACK IS INCREASED...**

WE KNOW NOW WHY THE AIRPLANE STAYS UP IN THE AIR, NOW LET'S SEE WHAT MAKES IT GO FORWARD...



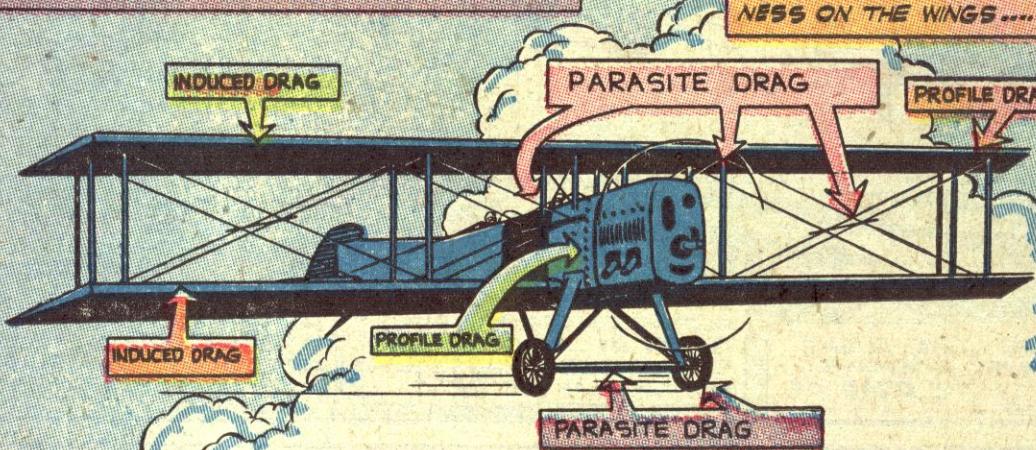
A SWIMMER PULLS THE WATER BACK TO MAKE HIS BODY GO FORWARD...

THE SAME PRINCIPLE APPLIES IN AN AIRPLANE, BUT IN THE AIR THE PROPELLER IS SUBSTITUTED FOR THE SWIMMER'S ARMS.... THIS IS CALLED THRUST...



NOW ANOTHER FORCE WHICH ACTS ON AN AIRPLANE IS CALLED DRAG.... THAT IS THE RESISTANCE ACTING ON A BODY PASSING THROUGH THE AIR....

INDUCED DRAG IS THE LOST ENERGY AS THE WINGS TRY TO PASS THROUGH THE AIR.



PROFILE DRAG IS CAUSED BY THE RIVETS AND THE ROUGHNESS ON THE WINGS....

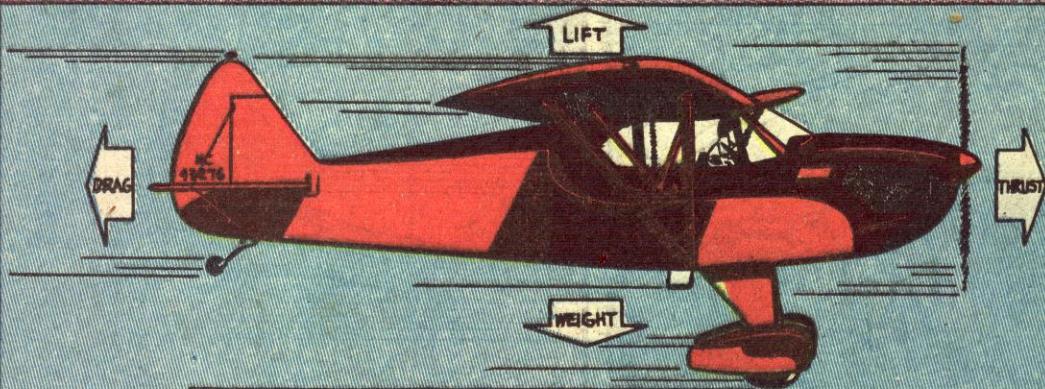
PARASITE DRAG IS CAUSED BY THE FUSELAGE, STRUTS, WIRES AND OTHER PARTS OF THE AIRPLANE WHICH DO NOT CONTRIBUTE TO THE LIFT.

THE MORE STREAMLINING, THE LESS DRAG AS IN THIS P-80...



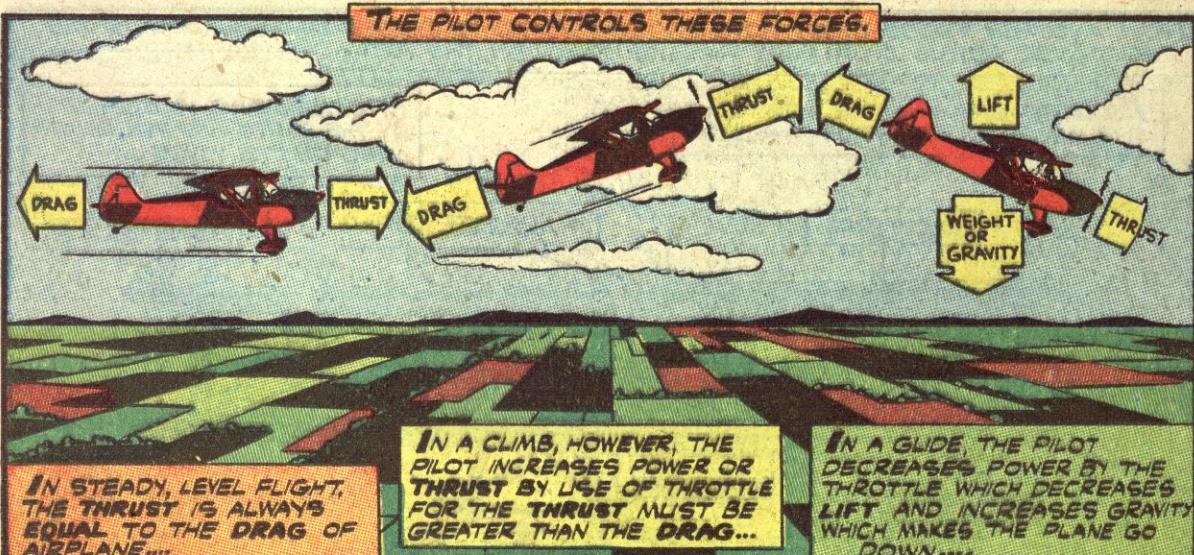
WEIGHT IS THE FORCE WHICH TENDS TO PULL THE AIRCRAFT DOWNWARD WHILE IT IS IN FLIGHT....

NOW WE KNOW ALL THE FORCES THAT ACT ON THE AIRPLANE. LET'S PUT THEM TOGETHER....



THE THRUST OR THE ACTION OF THE PROPELLER WHICH PULLS THE AIRPLANE FORWARD....  
THE LIFT WHICH ALWAYS ACTS AT RIGHT ANGLES TO THE RELATIVE WIND....THE DRAG  
PULLING BACKWARDS...THE WEIGHT OR GRAVITY WHICH TENDS TO PULL THE AIR-  
CRAFT TOWARDS THE CENTER OF THE EARTH.

THE PILOT CONTROLS THESE FORCES.

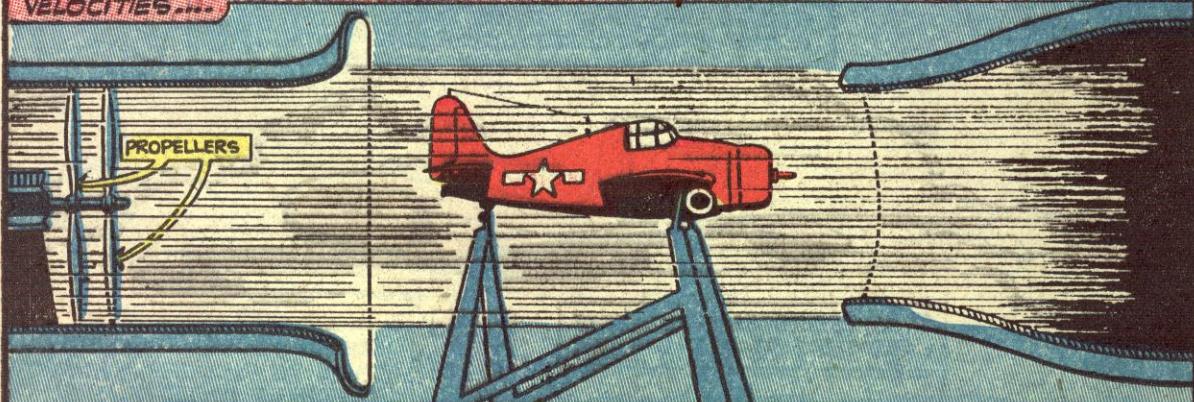


IN STEADY, LEVEL FLIGHT,  
THE THRUST IS ALWAYS  
EQUAL TO THE DRAG OF  
AIRPLANE...

IN A CLIMB, HOWEVER, THE  
PILOT INCREASES POWER OR  
THRUST BY USE OF THROTTLE  
FOR THE THRUST MUST BE  
GREATER THAN THE DRAG...

IN A GLIDE, THE PILOT  
DECREASES POWER BY THE  
THROTTLE WHICH DECREASES  
LIFT AND INCREASES GRAVITY  
WHICH MAKES THE PLANE GO  
DOWN....

THE WIND TUNNEL AT LANGLEY FIELD EMPLOYS TWO 4,000 H.P. ELECTRIC MOTORS  
TO DRIVE 35 1/2 FOOT PROPELLERS TO PRODUCE WINDS OF TREMENDOUS  
VELOCITIES....



THERE.... THE SECRETS OF FLIGHT ARE DISCOVERED WITHOUT THE  
PLANE EVER LEAVING THE GROUND.... NOW YOU KNOW THE SIMPLE  
BASIC RULES OF FLIGHT, WHICH MAKES AN AIRPLANE FLY....

# The AIR KIDS Jet Carrier PIGEON



**T**HE AIR KIDS WERE A LITTLE BIT OF A NUISANCE, THAT WAS TRUE.... THEY HAD A HABIT OF GETTING UNDERFOOT THAT WOULD GET ON A MAN'S NERVES FROM TIME TO TIME... BUT THERE CAME A TIME WHEN THE MAN WAS GLAD THEY WERE AROUND...!!



THOSE KIDS!  
BACK ON MY  
AIRFIELD AGAIN!

OH...OH...GUY...  
DON'T LOOK NOW,  
BUT HERE COMES  
THAT WASSON  
CHARACTER  
AGAIN...!

...AND IF I EVER  
CATCH ONE OF  
YOUR BLASTED  
**MODELS**, I'LL  
MAKE TOOTH-  
PICKS OUT  
OF IT...!

APOPLECTIC TYPE,  
IS HE NOT? LET'S  
PERAMBULATE!

I WON'T  
HAVE IT....!!  
THIS IS NO  
NURSERY!



HIDE HERE...HE  
NEVER THINKS  
OF LOOKING IN  
THE OBVIOUS  
PLACES!

WELL, IT WILL BE  
THE FIRST TIME  
THAT WE HAVE  
EVER DESCENDED  
TO THE  
OBVIOUS...!

I'M BEGINNING TO THINK  
THAT WASSON REALLY  
DOESN'T LIKE US...

WHAT ARE  
YOU KIDS  
UP TO  
NOW?

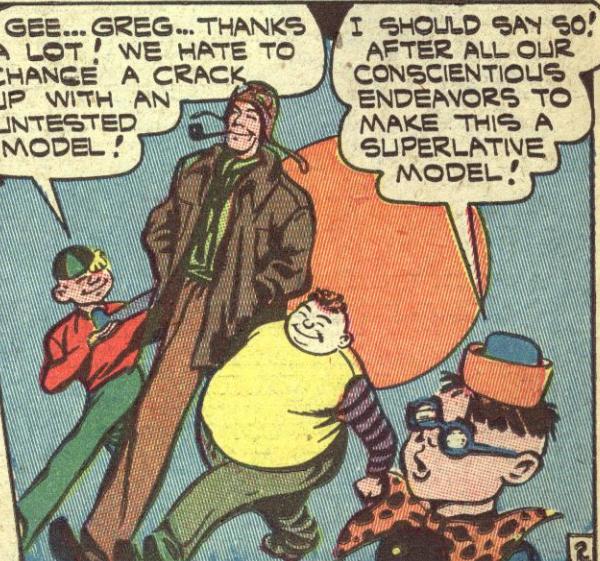


HI, GREGORY...  
HE'S CHASED  
US AGAIN...  
JUST WHEN  
WE WANTED  
TO WIND  
TUNNEL OUR  
JET PLANE!

MR. WASSON HAS  
TO GO BACK TO  
THE OFFICE...  
MAYBE WE CAN  
SLIP YOUR MODEL  
IN WHEN HE'S THERE!

GEE... GREG... THANKS  
A LOT! WE HATE TO  
CHANGE A CRACK  
UP WITH AN  
UNTESTED  
MODEL!

I SHOULD SAY SO!  
AFTER ALL OUR  
CONSCIENTIOUS  
ENDEAVORS TO  
MAKE THIS A  
SUPERLATIVE  
MODEL!



**IN WASSON'S OFFICE!**

JUST DUMP THE  
CONTENTS OF  
YOUR SAFE  
RIGHT IN THIS  
BOX....!

BUT THIS IS  
ABSURD...  
HOW CAN YOU  
HOLD ME UP?

I'VE GOTTERN AWAY WITH A LOT  
OF ROBBERIES, I DON'T SEE  
WHY I SHOULDN'T  
WITH YOU...!

THIS IS  
TERRIBLE...!!  
THE WHOLE  
WEEK'S  
RECEIPTS...  
OH DEAR...

WHEN I LEAVE, DON'T  
TRY TO FOLLOW ME...  
IT WOULD BE FUTILE,  
FOR I HAVE A PLANE  
WAITING...

IF YOU POKE YOUR  
HEAD OUT OF THE  
DOOR, I'LL BLAST  
IT OFF YOUR  
SHOULDERS!

OH  
DEAR!

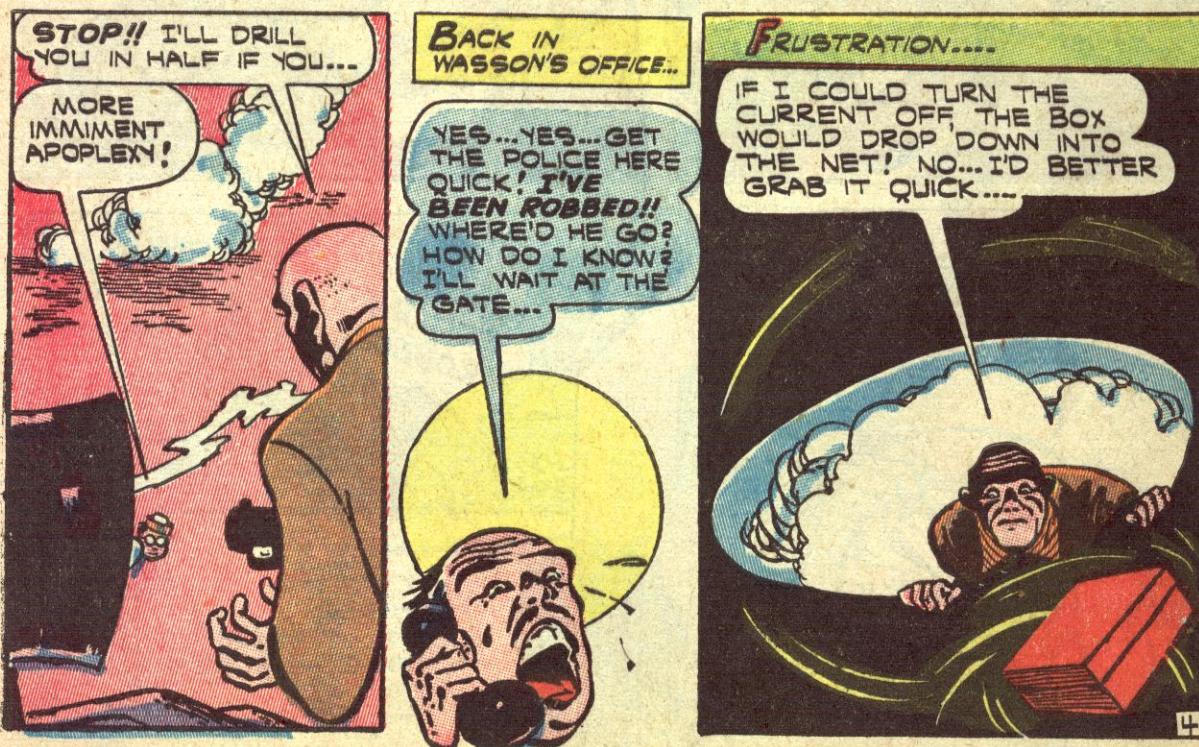
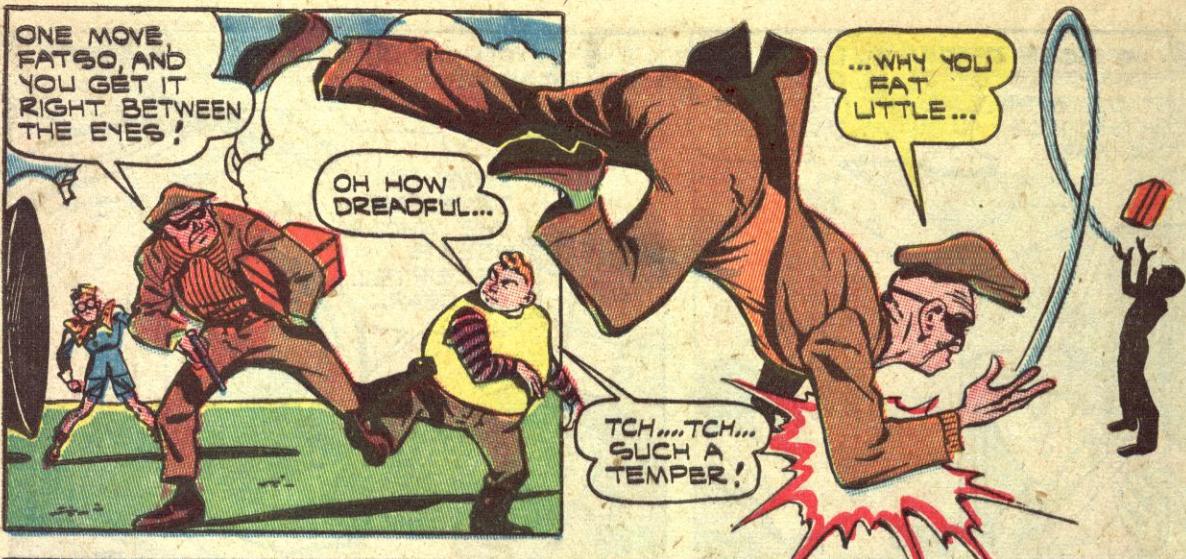
WHAT'LL I DO... I'LL BE A  
PUBLIC LAUGHING STOCK  
IF HE GETS AWAY... BUT  
HE MIGHT SHOOT ME  
AT THAT...

**ON THE FIELD...**

HELP!  
POLICE!!  
ROBBER...

HEY!!  
WHAT'S  
COOKING?

OFF HAND  
I'D SAY THAT  
WASSON  
WAS...!



AS SOON AS I  
GRAB THIS BOX  
...ITS GOING TO  
BE CURTAINS  
FOR YOU BRATS!

OH, PLEASE  
DON'T DO THAT  
...I'M TOO  
YOUNG TO  
DIE....



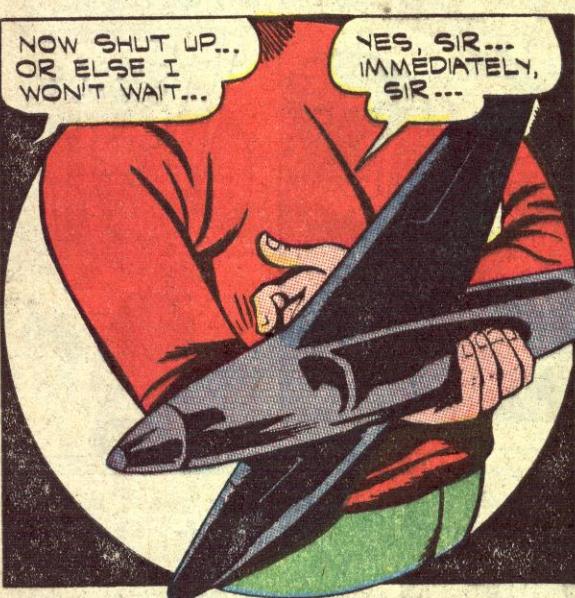
YOU WOULDN'T SHOOT ME DOWN  
LIKE A RAT, WOULD YOU....?

I'D SHOOT YOU  
QUICKER THAN  
A RAT...



NOW SHUT UP...  
OR ELSE I  
WON'T WAIT...

YES, SIR...  
IMMEDIATELY,  
SIR...



THERE IS A SUDDEN SWOOOOOSH....

WHAT'S  
THAT....?



AT THE GATE OF THE FIELD...

WHERE  
IS  
HE...?

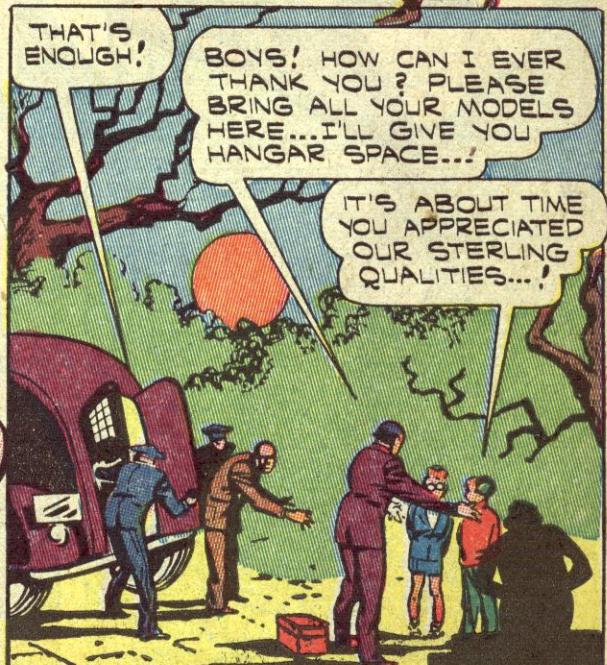
HOW SHOULD I  
KNOW? COVER  
THE FIELD! YOU  
MUST CATCH  
HIM... HE HAS A  
PLANE ...



IT'D HELP IF WE  
KNEW WHERE TO  
START! THIS IS  
A BIG FIELD!

I TELL YOU, I DON'T  
KNOW! GET A  
MOVE ON, WILL  
YOU...?





# SKY RANGERS

## "SZGY3"

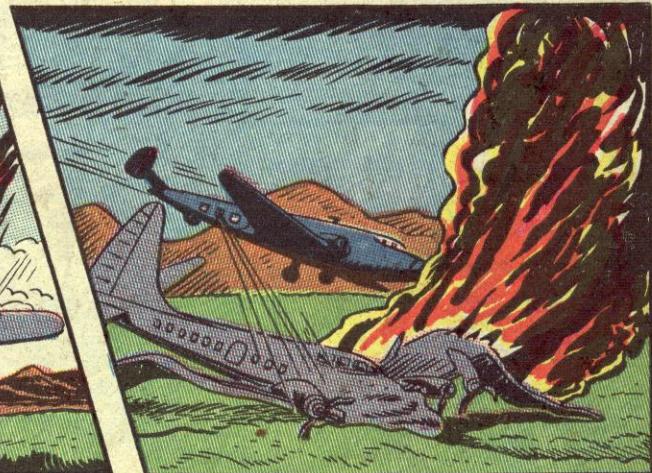


G.H. Appel

AND THEN, LIKE A BOLT FROM THE BLUE ...



BUT IT DID... IT MEANT DEATH.... SUDDEN AND HORRIBLE !!

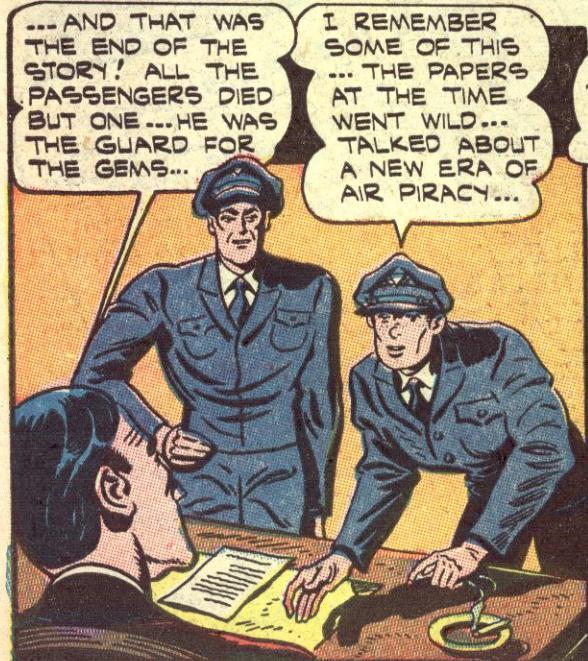


... AND THAT WAS THE END OF THE STORY! ALL THE PASSENGERS DIED BUT ONE ... HE WAS THE GUARD FOR THE GEMS...

I REMEMBER SOME OF THIS ... THE PAPERS AT THE TIME WENT WILD... TALKED ABOUT A NEW ERA OF AIR PIRACY...

YES! THE GUARD GASPED "SZGY3" JUST BEFORE HE DIED....

BUT, MR. BURDEN, WHAT MAKES YOU BRING ALL THIS UP? HAS SOMETHING NEW BEEN ADDED...?



THE INSURANCE COMPANY PAID OFF, BUT AS A PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR, I HAVE BEEN WORKING ON THE CASE AND....

...IT HAS ME BAFFLED! HERE ARE ALL MY NOTES! I'M DEPENDING ON YOU TWO, SKILLEN AND MAC COY... SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO...



WELL,  
DANNY,  
BOY?

IT'S A DILLY ALL RIGHT!  
ACCORDING TO THESE PAPERS, THE GANG NEVER UNLOADED THE GEMS, THEY HID THEM TO WAIT TILL THEY COOLED OFF...

BUT WHILE THEY WAITED FOR THE GEMS TO COOL OFF, THEY WERE KILLED... ONE AT A TIME...

...LEAVING A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF ICE!  
WOW! ...AND IT MAY BE RIGHT HERE ON THE MAP!



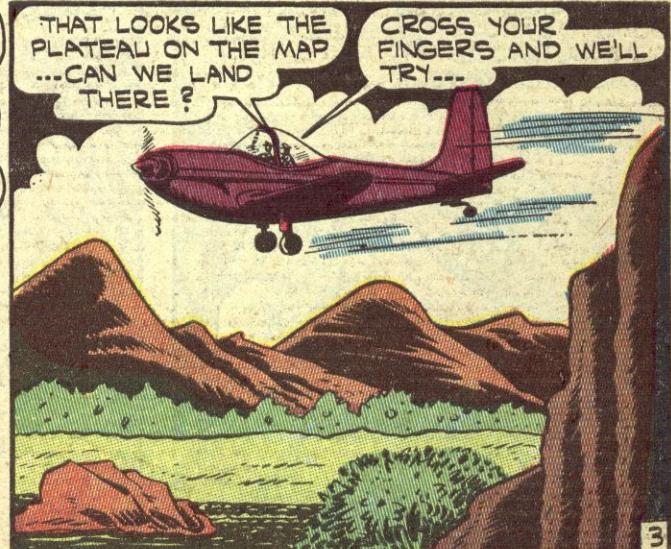
WONDER WHAT THE GAG WAS ON THAT "SZGY3"? WHY WOULD A DYING MAN SAY THAT? IT MUST HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH ALL THIS---

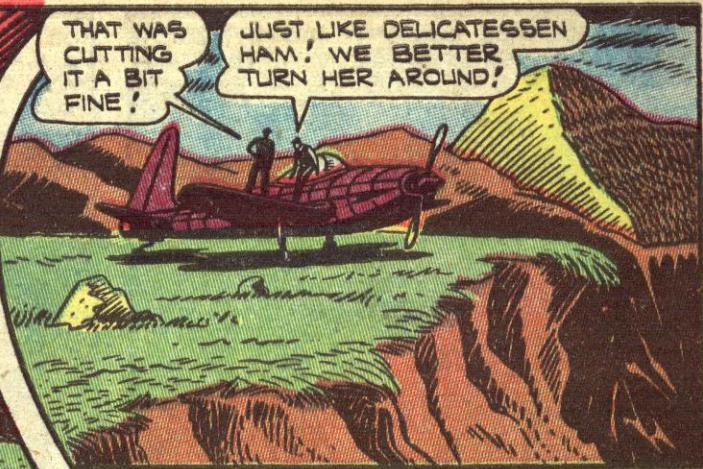
I GUESS WHEN WE ANSWER THAT, WE PUT OUR HANDS ON THE DIAMONDS!



THAT LOOKS LIKE THE PLATEAU ON THE MAP... CAN WE LAND THERE?

CROSS YOUR FINGERS AND WE'LL TRY...







COVER ME,  
SKILLEN, I  
WANT A  
LOOK AT  
THIS SAFE!

DON'T DANDLE,  
ME BOY... THESE  
REPTILES DON'T  
SEEM HAPPY!

THAT'S  
FUNNY...

LET ME IN ON  
IT... I COULD  
USE A GOOD  
LAUGH...



THEY'VE SET THE SAFE  
INTO THE SOLID STONE...  
YOU COULDN'T BLAST  
IT OUT...

HO! HO! I'M  
LAUGHING!  
WHAT'S SO  
FUNNY ABOUT  
THAT?



BUT HOW CAN YOU  
HAVE A WORD WITH-  
OUT ANY VOWELS?  
THERE ISN'T AN  
A, E, I, O, OR U ON  
ANY OF THE SIX  
DIALS...

NASTY LITTLE ONE  
THAT IS... ALMOST  
GOT ME! WHAT  
ABOUT ALL THESE  
MISSING VOWELS?

NOT THAT... BUT THESE WORD  
SAFES... THE COMBINATION  
FOR THEM IS GENERALLY  
A WORD... OF  
COURSE!

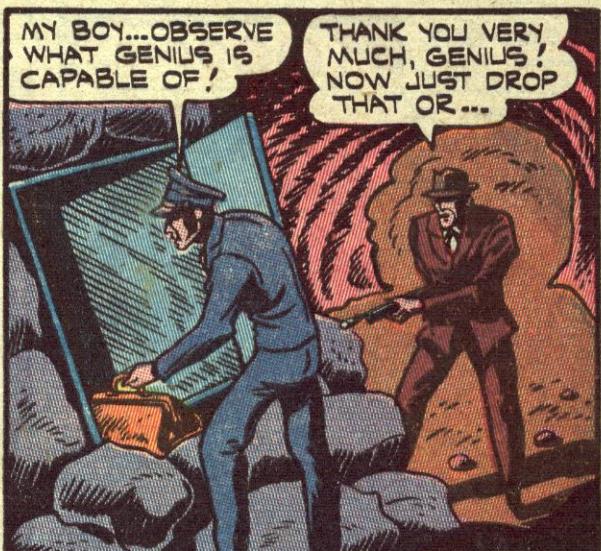
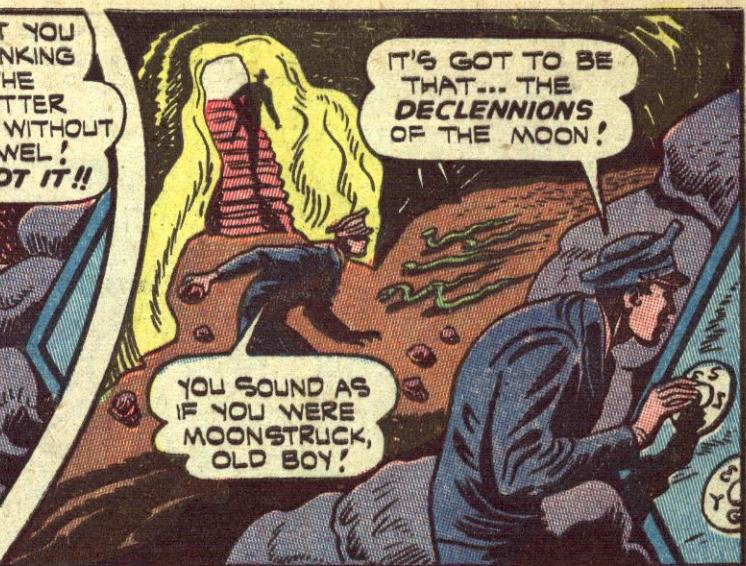


UP ABOVE, IN THE CLEAR SUNLIGHT,  
ANOTHER SNAKE ARRIVES... A  
HUMAN ONE!



THEY'VE GONE  
DOWN INTO  
THE CAVERN  
...I WONDER...





**IT'S A MILLION TO ONE CHANCE  
WITH A MILLION DOLLAR WEAPON!**

MAC COY...  
HE'LL KILL  
YOU DEAD...

HE WILL  
EITHER  
WAY...

**CAUGHT OFF GUARD...**

I'LL CUT YOU  
IN HALF FOR  
THAT...

THAT'S WHAT  
YOU'D CALL,  
HOLDING THE  
BAG !



LOOK OUT  
FOR THE  
SNAKES!!

OOOOOF...

THIS IS  
THE MOST  
DANGEROUS  
RATTLER  
HERE !

BURDEN! THE  
INSURANCE  
MAN !!

SURE...HE DISCOVERED  
THE WHOLE SET-UP  
BUT THE SAFE BAFFLED  
HIM, SO HE CALLED  
ON US !



I WAS SURE HE LIED ABOUT THE  
DYING MAN IN THE PLANE SAYING  
"SZGY3". THAT'S THE COMBINATION  
OF THE SAFE WHEN YOU ARRANGE  
THE LETTERS INTO A WORD! THE  
MAN IN THE PLANE COULDN'T  
HAVE KNOWN THAT!

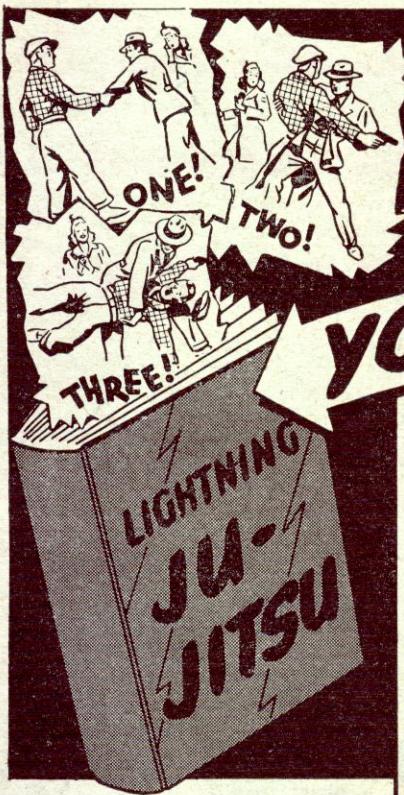
UPSTAIRS,  
BUB!

YOU'VE GOT ME, BUT AT  
LEAST TELL ME WHAT  
THE WORD WAS THAT  
DIDN'T HAVE ANY VOWELS!

ANY NAVIGATOR  
WOULD KNOW IT!  
IT'S "SYZYGY" ---  
THAT'S WHAT  
THE "SZGY3"  
MEANT  
THREE Y'S !



The End



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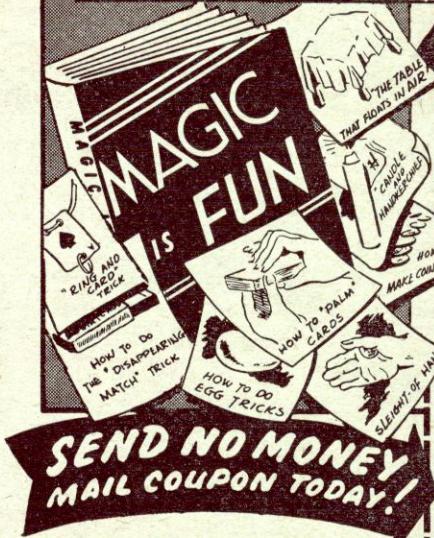


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Civil Air Patrol Cadets

By  
RUSS BRINKLEY

Introduction by  
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